

Every bi-monthly

No. 79 Aug/Sept 96

WIZZ

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**SEX MAD DI
GOES TOTALLY
BONKERS!**
*Our Royal photo
STRIP continues in*
PORNOVISION

What's got 52 pages,
costs £1.50, comes out every two
months, is not for sale to children,
and is packed with crap jokes,
cartoons and feeble features...
And you're sitting on the cover
of it right now?

Erm..
I'll have a
shit please
Bob.



**Featuring RAVEY DAVEY,
BILLY QUIZZ, NOBBY'S PILES,
SID THE SEXIST, FINBARR SAUNDERS
and loads of other stuff we've not thought of yet**



Continued from the previous issue...

DIANA: PRINCESS OF HEARTS

*The sexational
Royal Romance
of the Century*

Charles and Diana quickly became the most popular Royal couple since Victoria and Albert, and they were in constant demand to open things. Wherever they went crowds of adoring fans turned out to see them in their tens of thousands.



Isn't she lovely!

Aah, they look so happy together

Yes, she looks even more beautiful in real life

Mmm. And her nose looks a bit different too

But Diana was leading a tragic double life. She loved nothing more than to be at home with her two young Princes, William and Harry...



Corrr! One loves this!!!

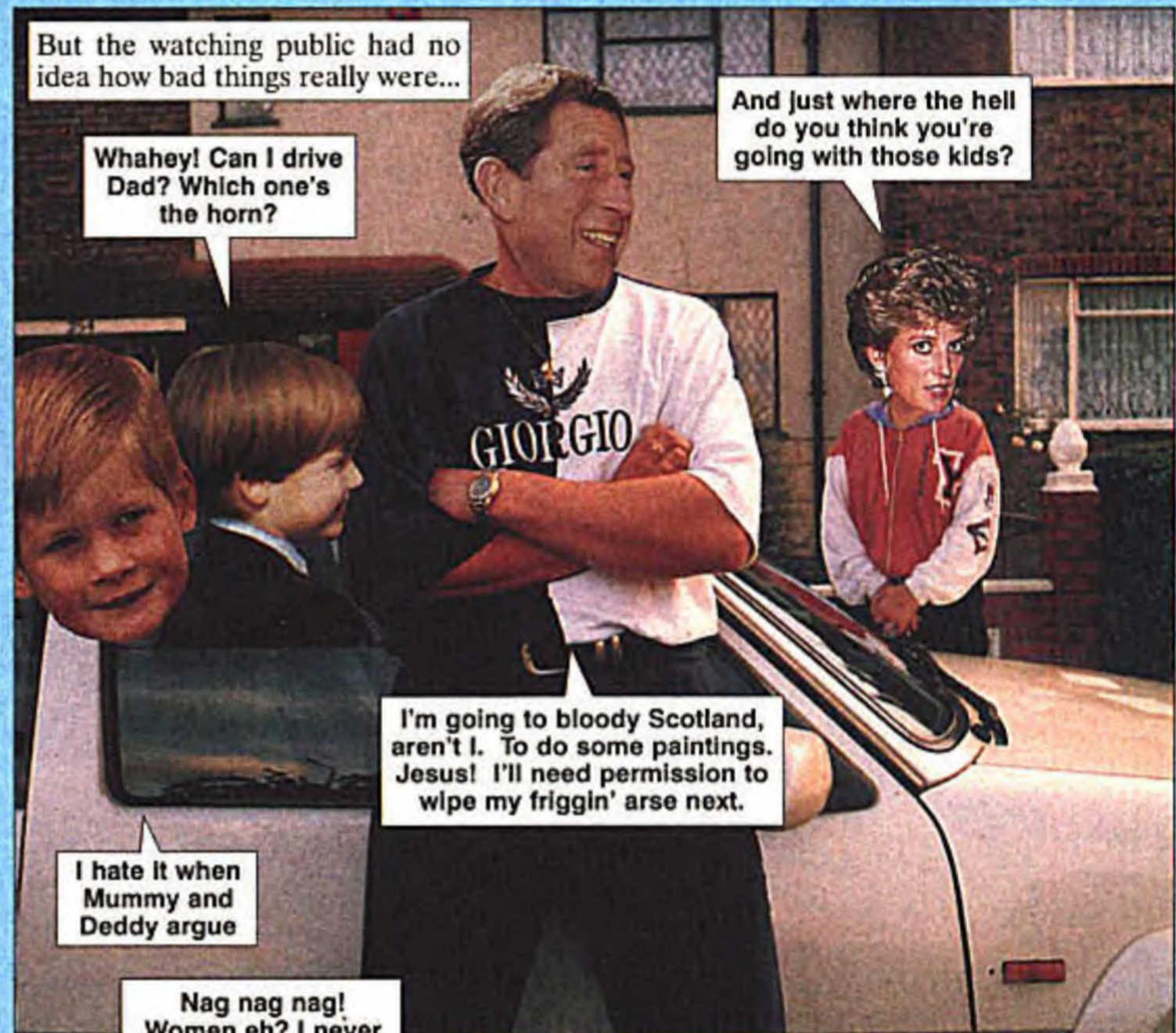
Steady on Wills. One doesn't wish to fall orf

Come on Mum, let's see how high ones can bounce

But she hated work. Years of opening things and being given flowers were beginning to take their toll. Analysts of Royal body language began to read disturbing signs into the couples' public behaviour. Physical contact seemed cold, and there was seldom any eye contact between them. And little things, like Diana's awkwardly angled right foot in this picture suggested to many that their love affair was over.



But the watching public had no idea how bad things really were...



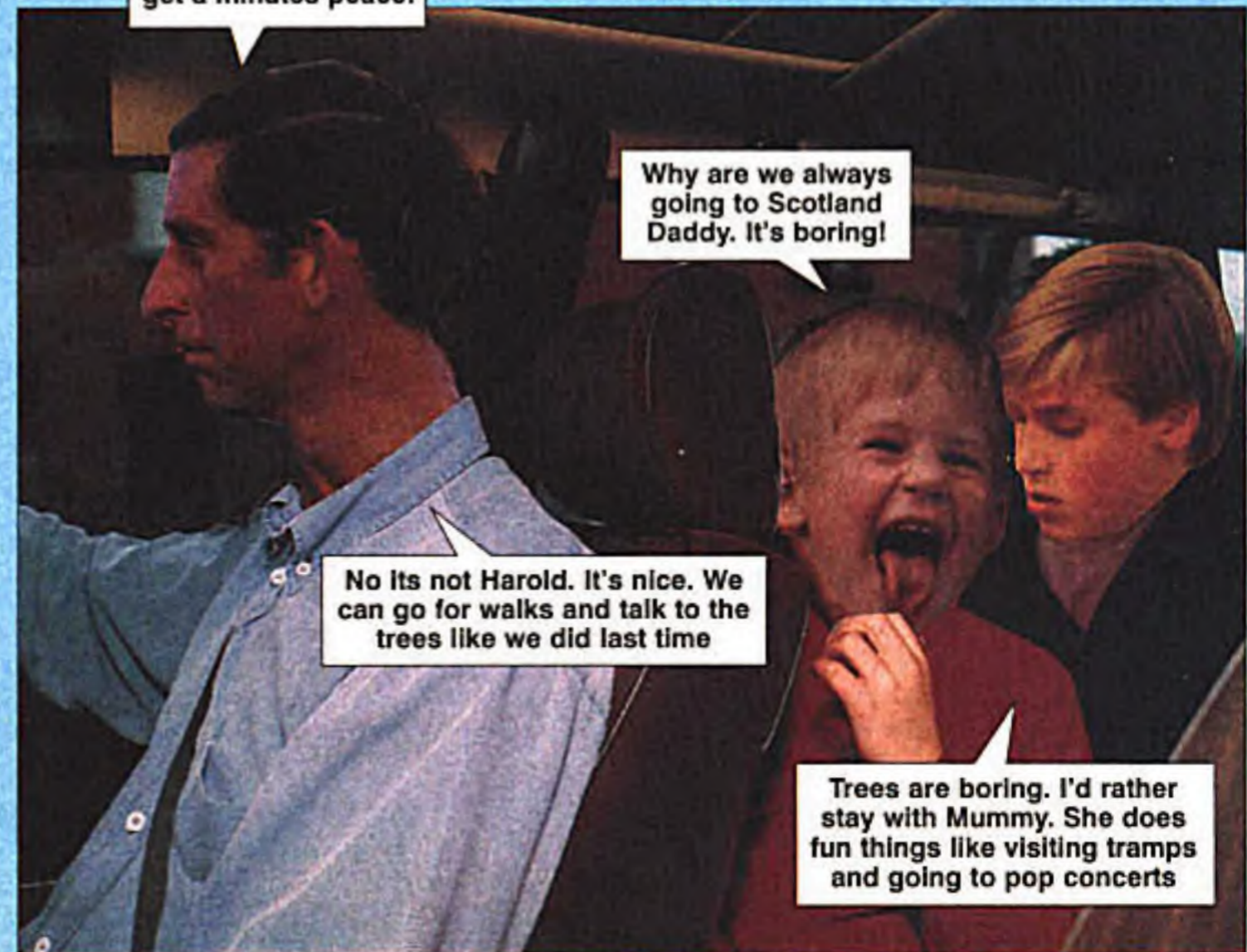
Whahey! Can I drive Dad? Which one's the horn?

And just where the hell do you think you're going with those kids?

I'm going to bloody Scotland, aren't I. To do some paintings. Jesus! I'll need permission to wipe my friggin' arse next.

I hate it when Mummy and Deddy argue

Nag nag nag! Women eh? I never get a minutes peace!



Why are we always going to Scotland Daddy. It's boring!

No its not Harold. It's nice. We can go for walks and talk to the trees like we did last time

Trees are boring. I'd rather stay with Mummy. She does fun things like visiting tramps and going to pop concerts



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Letterbocks

Fan-static idea

☐ **WHY oh why do boffins waste so much money building giant windmill farms and researching wave power?** Surely the most obvious form of alternative energy is static electricity. I calculate that a Zeppelin balloon rubbed on a jumper the size of Wembley Stadium would generate enough electricity to run a town the size of Macclesfield for three weeks. During periods of low demand the energy could be stored by sticking the giant Zeppelins to a wall. It would be a lot safer than nuclear power too. A 'Chernobyl style' disaster at a static electricity power station would at worst consist of a loud 'bang', and result in everyone's hair standing on end for a little bit.

Professor Ian Fells
Department of Energy Conversion
University of Newcastle

P.S. This would also create jobs, as unemployed people could knit the jumpers.

☐ No doubt Les Roth in Baltimore USA has yet to receive his copy of issue 78 but when he does he will tell you how stupid the special quiz question you set him was. No famous American Colonel was defeated at Little Big Horn. As any schoolboy will tell you, George Armstrong Custer was actually a *Lieutenant-Colonel* at the time of his historic defeat.

D. Noel (Mr)
St Helier, Jersey

** Well done Mr Noel. You get Mr Roth's prize, as he will eventually discover when he receives his copy of this issue by surface mail.*

☐ Further to the 'funny chocolate wrappers' correspondence in recent issues. I found this one in a shop in Rushden recently. It doesn't contain any rude words like spunk or wank or arse, but its just as funny as the ones you've printed in the past.

Josh Norbadeem
Rushden, Northants.

Letterbocks
P.O. Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT



☐ Can somebody tell me why Lesley Joseph (Dorian off Birds of a Feather) thinks she's so irresistible to men, as depicted in the Somerfield's TV ads? She's a dog. Now that Samatha Janus on the other hand, I'd crawl through a barrel of broken glass just to stick matches in her shit.

Andy Dewhurst
Blackpool

Not so grand pricks

☐ I've just watched the Spanish Grand Prix and can't help thinking what a waste of money such an event is. Why don't those F1 ring nuggets buy a packet of digestives and hold a world series to see who can squirt their curd first. We'd all get to see how small Schumacher's cock is, and the millions saved could feed and clothe the starving in the world.

Dom Gallimore
Crewe

☐ If the Government want to ban "dangerous herbs" they could start with parsley. I nearly choked on a sprig of parsley once.

Dean Mitchell
Stafford

Have you got a fucking problem, eh?
Come on then, wankers. Write today
(and win a tenner plus a Letterbocks pen)

☐ I'm too drunk to get out of my chair, but I'd like to go to bed. Would any of your readers care to help me up the stairs?

J. T.
Northampton

☐ When people are ringing me on the telephone, can they give me a bit of time to get to it, as I can't always hear the phone from the garden. Thanks.

Ollie McCarthy
Caerphilly

P.S. Are you trying to make Viz 'reassuringly expensive'?

Cliff Richard The Third

☐ In the play 'Macbeth' three witches first predicted that Macbeth would become Thane of Cawdor, which he did. They then predicted he would become King of Scotland, which in due course he did. In issue 47 of Viz (April 1991) Miss Martha Hienkel of Weighbridge suggested that Cliff Richard should be honoured with a Knighthood.



This prophecy came true. She then went on to say it would be nice if Cliff married Princess Ann and became King of England. Need I say more?

Perhaps the first thing Sir Cliff should do when he becomes King is have Mrs Martha Hienkel burnt at the stake as she is clearly a witch. (And perhaps replace the national anthem with his little known 1964 hit 'I could easily fall' which is much nicer than some of his better known recordings.)

William Langmead
Watford, Herts.

Doc's cock

☐ Here's a picture I took alongside Highway 2 in Northern Michigan, USA. Having wasted my entire career carrying out important medical research, it would at last make my life worthwhile if you were to publish this letter.

Dr Jeffrey Haudel
Romsey, Hants.



Prior knowledge

☐ I am writing to be pedantic about Aldridge Prior (Viz 78). There are not 17 parachute battalions as stated in the cartoon, only 6:- No's 1, 2 and 3 (which are Regular Army), and 4, 10 and 15 (which are Territorials). Furthermore, 2 and 1 Para are not blue berets. The only blue berets found in the British Armed Services are the dark blue worn by the Navy, and light blue of the RAF Regiment.

Mark Bradley
Brierley Hill

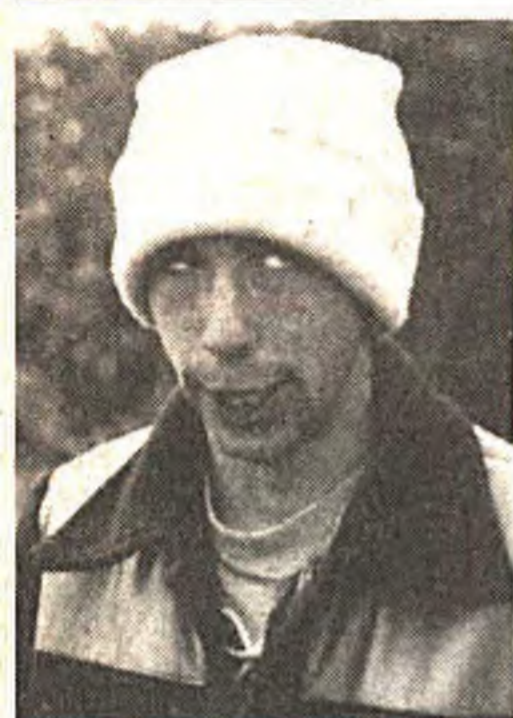
** Thanks Mark. Here's a little song to help our readers remember the numbers of the remaining active parachute battalions within the British Armed Forces at the present date. The tune from the Banana Splits just about fits.*

"One para-chute two para-chute three para-chute four, One-two-three are regulars but four's not any more, Four is territorial along with number ten, Put one and five together and you get the last one then"

Continued...



Ravey Davey GRAVE-y



□ A few years ago a dopey sod came to work as a grave digger at our cemetery. He was so daft looking we took this picture of him. Doesn't he bear a remarkable resemblance to the Viz character Ravey Davey Gravy?

Robert Mead
Maidstone, Kent

P.S. I'm not dead. I work in the cemetery as well.

Shocking statistics

□ I recently came across some interesting rude word statistics. The table below was extracted from the Broadcasting Standards Council annual review for 1995. As you will see from the figures, the words 'bastard' and 'twat' are statistically less likely to shock in the South and South East. Up North, and more particularly in the Midlands, the same words are considered more shocking. Perhaps copies of Viz sold in the South East should contain stronger language to make up for this cultural imbalance.

Clayton Mitchell
Coventry

□ Further to correspondence concerning the time limit for actions in respect for personal injuries due to careless statements or advice, and the potential liability of Gerry Marsden in regard to his ill founded advice vis-a-vis walking through a storm. Mr Reigel's letter (issue 78) regarding section 33 of the Limitations Act 1980 is correct, but entirely irrelevant. Section 11 (4) (b) makes it clear that the time limit for claims begins from the date of knowledge of the person injured as to what caused their injury. An important precedent is the case of Hedley Bryne versus Heller & Partners. The question would be, did the person who relied on Gerry Marsden's advice (and was subsequently struck by lightning whilst walking through a storm) have 'a special relationship' with Mr Marsden. This would be needed in order to establish 'reasonable reliance' on the popular sixties singer by the person injured.

Mr P. G. Jones
Bethnal Green, E2

The aphorism 'clothes maketh man' is incorrect. Any dolt knows that man maketh clothes, or rather, third world women do, in pretty deplorable working conditions.

T. Foster
Alton, Hants.

□ I have invented a sort of special button for my telly which makes the characters on screen breathe in suddenly when I press it. It doesn't always work, but when I applied to the Government for product development funding they didn't even reply. It's no wonder Britain is going to the dogs when a potential world beating product can't even get off the starting blocks due to bureaucratic indifference. No doubt trendy teachers are to blame.

J. Soupcan
Penge

WORDS CONSIDERED STRONG

	North %	Midlands %	South %	London & SE %
Bastard	55	58	31	33
Twat	43	44	9	11

Source: Broadcasting Standards Council Annual Review 1995

Sheffield steal

□ Tony Hadley (out of Spandau Ballet) was obviously delighted to be presented with a golden pineapple by that "bloke in Sheffield" (issue 78). I'd be equally delighted if the "bloke in Sheffield" would present me with my copy of 'American Psycho' which the little git borrowed over four years ago. And my mate Chris wouldn't mind having his 'Filthy, Rich and Catflap' video back off him either. He's had it for three years so he's had plenty of time to watch it.

Tony Howe
Isleworth, Middlesex



That bloke in Sheffield
yesterday again.

* If the bloke in Sheffield wants to return the videos he borrowed could he please write to Letterbooks and we'll put him in touch.

□ It recently dawned on me what a realistic programme 'The A Team' was. Why, only the other day myself and three friends, jailed for a crime we did not commit, escaped from a high security prison and set about building home made tanks and missiles to fight mini-wars in the streets for no apparent reason, whilst keeping a low profile to avoid the Military Police.

John McDermott
Smoggieborough

Farts strike bum note

□ Once again I'm surprised to see the veteran comic creators of Fartpants, Dr Poo and other notable rumpeteers still can't get their cartoon 'fartspeak' right. 'BRAP' and 'BLAP' are all well in their way, and at a pinch 'PARP' is acceptable too. But I for one have never heard a poopdeckchute go 'BLAT' or 'TOOT' or even 'POOT'. Please note: A bottom cannot pronounce a 't' sound because it doesn't have teeth! You ignoranuses.

I.F.
Frome

* I counted no less than 25 't' sounds in your letter, and you're talking out your arse. So explain that one if you can.

Paper tissue of lies

□ A wise man once told me 'don't believe everything you read in the papers'. I've always followed that advice, but I only buy the papers for the TV listings, and consequently I tend to miss an awful lot of my favourite programmes.

H. Rug
Battersea

□ Following on from Clayton Mitchell's rude word statistics (this issue). How strange that cockney's prefer their language stronger than northerners, yet they prefer their beer weaker and more piss-like.

Ian Amtico
Hull

□ Yeah, and they prefer their women boot faced with tits like fried eggs and fannies like the Channel Tunnel.

L. Quid-Concrete
Leeds

God bless ER

□ Oi! Oi! Ere! Don't knock the Queen Mum, alright? Just STOPPIT!

Orange 'Aid' & Jobber
Dement,
The Pro Monarchy Group
of the Communist Party of
Great Britain

Continued...

B&Q KITCHENS SALE

Ron Jones has been Kitchen Sales Adviser at B&Q Bagthorpe for the last two weeks. So he knows a good deal when he sees one...

Staff announcement.
Mr Jones from Kitchens to the
advertisement please. Mr Jones
from Kitchens to the
advertisement.

WAS
£6,499
NOW *



25% OFF
ALL QUEUING
TIMES THIS
WEEK ONLY!

* Sorry. The new price of this kitchen is not available because the bar code is missing. We'll have to look it up in the book. It won't take more than 20 minutes.

B&Q
YOU CAN DO IT WHEN YOU B&Q IT!

□ I've heard of the 'turtles head', but this is ridiculous. Do I get a fiver?

Leslie Butler
Lerwick



□ Whenever I'm on the bus or in the park I see young couples engaging in various forms of what I'd describe as low level sexual activity, e.g. kissing, hugging etc. Onlookers usually smile fondly and say things like "How sweet" or "I remember when I was their age" etc. So why is whenever I engage in similar activities such as a harmless game of 'pocket billiards', people swear at me, beat me up, chase me away or have me arrested? How about some 'equal opportunities' for unmarried, ugly wankers.

Dave
Randwick, Australia

Electric sys-tern

□ Plumbers and electricians must be laughing all the way to the bank. We are being conned, having to have two completely separate systems in our houses. If you stop for a moment and think about it, there's no reason why hot and cold water pipes shouldn't double up as the electrical supply. Live in the hot pipe, neutral in the cold. Waste pipes can be connected to the earth if desired. Electric sockets could then be soldered onto central heating pipes or radiators, with no ugly wiring to conceal. The system would be perfectly safe, providing you wore rubber gloves and Wellington boots when turning on taps and radiators.

Lionel O'Tiles
Frodingham

Judge for yourself

In reply to the smoggie Godbotherer of Yarm (issue 78), when 'called to account' on Judgment Day I will beg God not to make me spend eternity with smug, self satisfied, humourless, guilt ridden Jesus freaks who, out of cowardice, weakness and fear, live their lives according to a hotchpotch of old Jewish folk tales and try to tell us what is funny while wandering round with their jumpers tucked into their trousers.

D. Edwards
Great Yarmouth

□ Further to the letters from W.E. Walker and X. Viz reader of Yarm (issue 78). What a pair of twats, eh? If Christ really does give a shit about you taking the piss out of head-case disciples who visualise him in every uneven surface they encounter, then he's more of a wanker than those two.

Tris Harvey-Rice
Chipping Norton

□ Fuck me, the previous correspondent sounds a bit posh, doesn't he. Anyway, on the subject of God, the other day while shopping in town I saw a vicar carrying an umbrella, yet it didn't rain at all that day. If God really existed, surely he would tip off vicars when it wasn't going to rain, rather than allowing them to carry umbrellas round all day needlessly. To my mind this proves beyond all reasonable doubt that God doesn't exist.

Mr F. Carpet-Tile
Harley-Davidson

□ W. E. Walker (issue 78) is talking out his arse when he suggests that you would never dare do a similar spoof on the Islamic faith. It is a well known fact that Islam forbids the representation of the human form in art, so even if the face of the Prophet Mohammed were to appear in a pool of vomit, nobody would recognise it because no-one has the faintest idea what he looked like. In the light of this astute observation, surely I win £5?

A. Barker
Fairford

□ You know Chris Armstrong who plays for Spurs? I shagged his girlfriend when he used to play for Millwall.

John McVicker
Wrexham

Seeing red

□ I don't usually write to mags cos I'm a lazy cunt but issue 78 of Viz really pissed me off with 'Graffiti Art' and his "Fuck Off Man Utd" comment. How come we're double champions again, beat Newcastle TWICE last season, and Newcastle have won fuck all and never will. All that money spent on a bunch of fucking losers.

Gary Worthing
Fishguard, Wales

* We're offering a special prize to the Manchester United fan who lives nearest to Old Trafford. So far Gary from Fishguard is in the lead, a mere 197 miles away. Come on you reds, write and tell us where you live. The closest one to Manchester wins a can of Boddingtons.

Simple red

□ A few months ago Mr Wayne Parker of Walsall (Top Tips issue 76) suggested Manchester United fans start buying Newcastle strips cos Newcastle were going to win the league. I speak on behalf of all Manchester United fans when I say "bollocks to you mate". Win or lose we're behind our team 100%, although it was nice to win the League and F.A. Cup AGAIN. Mr Parker can shove his Newcastle United shirts where the sun don't shine.

K. Randall,
Leicester

* Congratulations! You're in the lead Mr Randall. Leicester is only 92 miles from Manchester. Can anyone do better than that?

Fizzy-ology

□ I've been sitting here thinking. It's a good job your blood isn't fizzy, like lemonade. If it was, and you went for a run, you might explode. Or your head could suddenly 'pop' off, like a cork.

Dr. Jonathon Miller
Royal Opera House
London

"Shiny kettle, nice and hot, what back issues have we got?" (left)

"Lovely lady in a bra, the back issues remaining are..."

39 40 53 57 59 60
61 62 63 64 65 66 67
70 72 73 76 77 78

Phooar!! Aladdin, played by our principle bra and pants-omime girl, is a babe who'd give any fella wood! She's warming up the kettle to make a '46 Double D' cup of tea! I'll have two lumps please! Those big one's at the front! Phew!! With parts like that this young actress would give any Jack a beanstalk, and turn fellas heads.. again... Dick Whittington... Or something like that. Oh yes she would! Anyway, if you want to buy any back issues circle the numbers above, then fill in the form and send it off, together with your money.

Back issues still cost £1.40 each (in the new money) plus postage. (Add 50p postage for 1 copy, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more.) Overseas customers (except Channel Islands) then add 20% of the overall total, and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. Channel Islands customers please add £500 per comic, and send cash only please in used fives, tens and twenties.

Tick, delete, speak clearly after the tone etc.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Ltd., or:

☐ I'm with the bank of Never Never Land. Please debit my plastic.

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Expiry Date (the card, not you)

Card Type

Your name and address

Post Code

Post this order form to: Viz Orders, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset, BA11 1DX. For telephone credit card orders and enquiries call (01373) 451 777. (Make a note of the number before you cut out the form). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

□ I would quite like to invent a sort of short wave radio charity sticking plaster with a picture of Jimmy Savile on it. But did Prince Charles reply to my politely worded letter asking for funding from the Prince of Wales Trust? No.

J. Soupcan
Penge

Hare conditioner

□ The other day I gave my pet rabbit a bath using Body Shop shampoo and I was horrified to see its eyes go red and swell like golf balls. If Body Shop had had the sense to test their products on laboratory animals like everyone else, my rabbit would have been saved a considerable amount of discomfort.

W. Weave
Gillingham

□ Like David Cameron (issue 78) I've never met Paul Humphries out of OMD. However in 1987 I was working in the shop at the Anderton Service area on the M61 when Brian Tilsley out of Coronation



Street, alias actor Chris Quentin, came in and flicked through every jazz mag on the top shelf and then left without buying any of them.

Mark Curren
Leicester

□ They say that time waits for no man. How prophetic. I went to see the musical 'Time' produced by Dave Clark and starring Laurence Olivier at the Dominion Theatre, London, only to be told that the production had finished over eight years ago.

Julian Morgan
Streatham SW16

□ I reckon this Hong Kong sign (right) beats 'Wan King' (issue 76) every time.

Rhys Wadlock
Oldham, Lancs.

Randy Andy comes clean on hand shandy

□ I have read with interest the recent letters regarding OMD and wanking (issues 77 and 78). Since I was Andy McCluskey when he was at school, I can definitely confirm that Andy McCluskey did enjoy the occasional wank, although I cannot ever recall indulging whilst on school premises. I also admit to being a hunt saboteur, however I categorically deny being anything so disgusting as a prefect.

G. A. McCluskey
OMD, Wirral

P.S. Contrary to information supplied by previous correspondents, Paul Humphries out of OMD used to keep his dirty mags under the deck of his home made stereo, not under the floorboards.

Robocon

□ Any readers who are approached in the street by robot tramps asking for money, be warned. Rather than using it to buy nuts and bolts, as often as not these vagrant robots waste the money on cheap oil.

M. Griffiths
Walton

□ In reply to Nina Greaves' letter (issue 78). I am a rich bloke living in London and I could easily afford to take her out for 13 pints of Guinness or whatever it is she drinks. But I, like the vast majority of Viz readers, would not. For the simple reason that it is neither big nor clever to get drunk.

A. Carter
London



Lag shags slags

□ I'm a happy go lucky lad who loves to go out drinking and spending money on charming girls who piss in rivers and fall asleep in pub toilets with their trolleys round their ankles. Unfortunately I have to nick the money first, and as a result I'm currently in prison in Lincoln. But I do live in Mansfield, so another time perhaps?

RJ 3594 Keith Collinson
HMP Lincoln

Cactus confusion

□ In issue 78 a Julia Reed signed herself 'Julia Reed (nee Kneale), York'. Is that bit about me? Cos my surname is Kneale, and I once had a cactus collection, like the bloke in her letter. But I'm not in York, or OMD. I'm in prison in Devon.

Stewart Kneale
H.M. Prison
Dartmoor

** Sorry Stewart. An understandable mix up. When a lady gets married she usually changes her surname. Sometimes she puts her old surname in brackets, after the word 'nee', meaning 'formerly known as'. Her letter wasn't about you. It was merely a bizarre coincidence that she used to be called Kneale, and she once went out with someone out of Orchestral Manoeuvres. In The Dark who, at that time, also had a cactus collection. Anyone else called Kneale, or who has a cactus collection (or both) can write to Mr Kneale in prison. His full address is WB3493 Kneale, HMP Dartmoor, Princetown, Yelverton, Devon PL20 6RR.*

□ Why do you feel it necessary to actively reinforce negative attitudes towards the elderly as in Mrs Brady Old Lady? Could it be that your continued success is giving you Conservative attitudes? The Tories have successfully manipulated public opinion by turning the population against those it once revered. Doctors, miners, teachers and older people in general are now scapegoats for a futile, corrupt and expensive regime. In the estates of the North East youngsters terrorise and steal from the old. Does Viz want to be party to this awful attitude?

A. Socialist
Derby

* Er.... don't know sir.

□ You may have seen the Diet Coke advert where the woman leaves an open, fizzing can of Coke on a table next to a picture of a man in a magazine. The fizz bubbles land on the picture bringing the man to life. I tried this with my Playboy centrefold of Pamela Anderson, and did it work? Did it bollocks. All that happened was the the drops of Coke made the paper shrivel up. Now I know what Pamela will look like when she's old and wrinkly.

Pissed off bastard
with a wet wank mag
Kempston, Beds.

Northern frights

□ Bergie (issue 78) is quite right when he points out Northerners need to drink more to put up with their ugly women. But what about the poor Scots? The birds up there are living proof that the further north you go, the worse looking the women get. As well as that, their beer tastes like fizzy piss. But luckily the jocks never get to drink much, cos the morons always want to fight everyone after they've had three pints.

Geoff Hawkins
Brighton

P.S. Incidentally, I work with Bergie, and he's not exactly God's gift to women himself. The stunted berk wouldn't be out of place sitting on a toadstool next to a garden pond with a fishing rod in his hand. He'll probably write in now and tell you I wank over pictures of trolley buses. Well I don't. I just like them, that's all.

□ When he was with Wham! George Michael sang the line "Wake me up before you go go, I'm not planning on going solo". I'm sure the irony of the lyric will not be lost on poor Andrew Ridgely.

Gary Swan
Corringham, Essex

"Oh gosh! You're here already! I was just Hoovering the page so that it would be nice and tidy when I tell you about the new FREE Viz merchandise catalogue."

Its got Viz T shirts, mugs, books, videos and other stuff in it. If you want a copy write your name and address clearly between my leg and the Hoover, then cut me out and send me to the address below"



Viz Orders, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset, BA11 1DX.
Or you can phone for a catalogue on 01373 451 777.

Tally ho! We're embarking on Britain's biggest ever celebrity cunt hunt

Some mother fuckers do 'ave 'em sacked

Years ago I worked as a scene shifter in the Drury Lane production of Billy Liar. One day, five minutes before curtain up, I was sitting in the crew room having a last cigarette. Sensing another presence I looked up to see the star of the show Michael Crawford adjusting his costume and glaring down at me. "It's a good job some of us are working", he pouted, and then stalked out for his entrance. One minute later the stage manager marched in and fired me - no questions, discussions or excuses. His eventual grudging explanation? "You've upset Michael - he likes everybody standing when he is".



Celebrity cunt? Celebrity supercunt more like it.
M. Young
Bristol

Trouble with his Bowle movements

I once met that crap actor Peter Bowles on the steps of Broadcasting House, and he is a complete cunt. I was trying to shift an air conditioning unit and I asked if he could please move aside to allow me through with this bastard heavy piece of equipment. He just looked down his nose at me and flicked cigar ash on my trainers.

Ade, The Whyte Heart,
Bletchingley, Surrey



Wicket woman

Paula Yates lived up the road from me and one sunny morning she decided to read her Sunday papers on a nearby cricket pitch. When she'd finished did she take them home with her? Or put them in a nearby bin? No. She just left them lying there, blowing about in the wind, while she walked off with her nose in the air. A cunt's trick, and no mistake.

A. Napoc
Faversham

The Bodie in question

How dare 'Tango Man' (issue 78) call Lewis Collins a right cunt. We are The Professionals official fan club and we are Bodie and Doyle's biggest fans. Lewis Collins is God! He's an accomplished thespian (star of Cuckoo Waltz and Cluedo), a major sex symbol and the hardest man on TV, besides which we all want to shag him. Tango Man can go stick his head up his marmite motorway.

The Professionals
Official Fan Club



Playaway... from my house!

Derek Griffiths off Playaway and Play School used to live down my road in Raynes Park. He might have been cheerful on the telly, but not in real life he wasn't. He put a big fence up round his front garden, shouted at all the kids for playing in the street, and wouldn't give Paul Jones his autograph. Miserable cunt.

Polly
Camden NW1



When I was a Redcoat at Butlin's I lent a copy of Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody' to Bobby Davro. And he didn't give it back. I reckon that makes him a *thieving* cunt.

Paul Aderson
Romford, Essex

I wish to nominate Guy Senior as a Celebrity Cunt. He's a cunt, that's for certain. It's whether he's a celebrity or not that's in question. I knew him at college when he was an ugly, buck toothed, right wing cunt. Now he's on my local council and he regularly turns up on the telly mouthing off about hippies and generally acting the cunt.

A. Rate payer
Wandsworth

Hi! Sally's mum here...

Hello. Sally the Viz subs girl has gone on holiday so she's asked me, her mum, to sit in for her. I'm the older type - *experienced* and at the peak of my *desire*. I'm like Mrs Robinson in that film, and I want you to know that I'm *available to you*. But only if you subscribe to Viz. A year's supply (6 issues) only costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). A two year supply (12 issues) costs £18.00 (£24.80 overseas). I know you're young - you don't know what to do or say. But take my hand and I will chase the subscription-less boy in you away. Just fill in the form below and enclose a cheque or postal order for the correct amount. You won't regret it. You'll send me your money a boy, and receive your subscription a man.



FREE VIZ T SHIRT!

Sally's mum
xxx

Every new subscriber will receive a FREE large or extra large Viz T shirt chosen at random from our heap of unsold T shirts. (Unfortunately Ravey Davy T shirts are not included.) Don't delay, subscribe today. You can order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections of the form. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6 per year (£7 overseas).

Dear Sally's *experienced* mum
Please send me a subscription starting issue..... to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

Post code.....

(If you do not know your address, ask your postman, if he's ever at work).

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name above, and your own details below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in your name and address above, and leave the next bit blank.

My name.....

Address.....

Post code.....

Sally's mum was wondering how you will be paying. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.....crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/

Card No.

Expiry date

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW6096), Frome, Somerset, BA11 1YA. And hey! The postage is on us, if posted in the UK.

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01373) 451 777. (We regret this facility is not available to people who own a caravan or wear grey slip-on shoes).

Hi! I'm an old mutton



Hi, I'm Sheila the sheep's mum. I've been around a bit, and consequently I'm a lot harder to catch than Sheila. There's a FREE back issue for every Australian subscriber (2 if you subscribe for 2 years). 6 issues cost \$21, or 12 for \$42. Write to Sheila's mum, 9 Palm Avenue, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Please make cheques payable to 'Fortean Times'.

☐ Please tick here if you would like a large amount of gold to be delivered to your house by naked, palpitating women, who then force their lithe, pertly breasted young bodies upon you. (And you want us to flog your address to mail order companies left, right and centre.)

A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hello again. The shop's looking much tidier now. We've had a refit, new carpets, and I decided to move the fridge nearer the door, and put the sweets and crisps in racks along the wall. The papers are on a low shelf now instead of cluttering the counter. I'm sure trade will pick up as a result. Oh, did you know we're taking in dry cleaning now? Good idea eh? Hang on, here comes a customer. "Milk? No, sorry. We've sold out." Tssch! Really. Expecting me to have milk at this time of day! Who's he kidding.

Continued...

□ I think the biggest Celebrity Cunts are you lot, slagging off hard working celebrities who do a sterling job by bringing a bit of happiness to our piss boring lives. People like TV host Micky Hutton who came down to the Falklands to do a show for the troops. Afterwards we got pissed as farts with him and had a great time. Can I suggest for a change you ask readers to nominate celebrities who have been fucking good eggs?

SAC T Hudson
BFPO 54, Sardinia

P.S. Mind you, Roger De Courcey came down for the same show. Now he IS a cunt...



□ I'm that bird who said "Yoo hoo" to Elton John when he was playing tennis in France, and the fat cunt stormed off in a huff and flew home the next day.

That bird
France

* Sorry. That makes him a TWAT as opposed to a cunt.

Needle from Haystack(s)



□ I posed for this picture with wrestler Giant Haystacks when I was a kid, and he was a proper moany cunt. The flash on my camera took a while to warm up which didn't please the fat bastard one

little bit. The resulting picture shows an awe struck 12 year old with what resembles a cross between Terry Hall and a mountain gorilla with 'gland' problems.

James Francis
Rhondra

□ Status Quo were a bunch of arrogant, big headed cunts in 1969, so what they're like now I dread to think. We supported them back then at Walsall Town Hall and they wouldn't let our band set up on stage or use the dressing rooms.

Saxman
Derby

P.S. Just in case you think its sour grapes, we also supported Alan Price at Matlock, and he was a proper gent. He stood on my toe backstage and immediately said "Sorry".

Sorry. No Ken do

□ I'd like to speak up in defence of Kenneth Williams who was nominated as a Celebrity Cunt in issue 78. Kenneth was a close friend of my family and a Godfather to my brother. I'd love to be able to supply you with a few sweet anecdotes about him bouncing me on his knee, but from what I've heard he preferred bouncing young Moroccan men on his knee in an altogether different fashion. Yes, to be perfectly honest I suppose he was an arrogant cunt who treated people like shit. But he was also a brilliant man, and I will always remain a fan of his.

Lisa Rose
Brighton, Sussex



□ I don't know whether to nominate Nigel Mansell, who I once saw walk through an airport lounge wearing his daft blue Labatts racing overalls, or Pete Waterman who I met when 'The Hitman and Her' visited to the Isle of Man. He was a right miserable cunt, and there's another thing. That Machala what's-her-chops is ugly when you get close to her.

P. Salisbury
Braddan, Isle of Man

Who's he Kidding?

□ I met Eddie Kidd and what a cunt he is. I was in a 'VIP' bar at a club in Brum and this bastard started waving a bit of paper at me. "Here you are then", he shouted at me as he handed me a signed photo of himself. A tosser or what? Oh yeah, and he's a midget as well.

A. Jonathan
Castle Bromwich, B36



EDDIE KIDD

P.S. Bruno Brookes was there too. He seemed quite nice, and managed a smile or two. Mind you, he was on ten grand for an hour's 'work'.

□ I met Princess Anne once, and rather than being a right cunt as you might imagine, she was really quite nice. Her Equerry on the other hand was a right shit, charging around like a lunatic and bollocking everyone for standing in the wrong place. Then, to cap it all, he threw out two blokes at the last minute who were trying to nail down a bit of carpet to stop HRH from tripping and falling flat on her Royal arse.

P.J. Huggins
Holsworthy, Devon

* We want YOU to decide the winner of our Celebrity Cunt award. We'll list all the nominees in the next issue, and let the readers vote for the winner. In the meantime keep your nominations coming in. You have until sort of early to middish September to name your cunt. We're also inviting the celebrities who have been accused to write in and defend themselves, or apologise for having acted the cunt. Don't miss our fabulous Hall of Cunts in the next issue.

Cunt Quickies

THE fat, balding one off Rainbow is a cunt. He told me to "fuck off" on Richmond High Street.

Zac Vogel
Teddington

CHERYL Baker out of Bucks Fizz is a moody, stropky cunt. I met her when I was a Redcoat at Butlins.

I. A.
London NW10

FAT bastard Willie Rushton is right cunt. I said "hello" to him when I was ten, but he ignored me.

Chris O'Leary
London SW17

CORONATION Street's Gail Tilsley told my mother and me we couldn't have her autograph, even though we hadn't asked for it. Cunt.

Ann Kelly
Manchester

I'VE talked to Paul Weller twice, and he's not a cunt. He's a gigantic, dripping, saggy, welly top of a cunt.

Marie Maynard
London N19

MY brother and I asked that c*** Lulu for her autograph in the sixties. All we got was a blunt "f*** off" in a Gorbals Glaswegian accent.

D.E. Atkins
Cleethorpes



TWENTY years ago I asked British boxing champ 'Enery Cooper for an autograph at an Arsenal match. "Piss off, son", said the slap headed cunt.

Geoff Williams
Bromley, Kent

MINCING showbiz cunt Lionel Blair nicked my wife's taxi after she'd waited 15 minutes in pouring rain outside Kings Cross station.

Mike
Alton, Hants.

ONE of my school chums asked actor John Thaw for an autograph while he was filming The Sweeney in Battersea. "Fuck off", said the rotten cunt.

Huj Pizda
Croydon

Snip & Shit

BOND STREET, LONDON
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A good old fashioned service from the city's finest gent's lavatory barber, for todays busy executive who doesn't have time to cut his hair and move his bowels.



Conventional trim and dump £25
Wash, blow dry & diarrhoea £40

In a hurry, sir? Why not have a quick piss & singe from £8

OR PERHAPS YOU WANT EVERYONE TO LAUGH AT ME WITH A STUPID UNFASHIONABLE HAIRCUT

I'LL BUY YOU £50 WORTH OF TOYS IF YOU HAVE IT CUT

A HUNDRED

SO... OOH, LOOK, TIMMY, DARLING... TOY STORY MERCHANDISE IS REDUCED. YOU'LL GET TWICE AS MUCH FOR OUR \$100.

ENTRANCE

WHAT!?

ALL TOY STORY MERCHANDISE 60% OFF

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SAID THAT!...

NOW I DON'T WANT TO LOOK STUPID AT SCHOOL SO DON'T CUT IT TOO SHORT, YOU BLIND OLD FOOL

TIMMY!

WELL IT'S TRUE...

HA! I BET IT'S MEPASTRY...
HE LIVES IN A COUNCIL HOUSE,
GETS FREE SHOES AND SMELLS...
HE'S BOUND TO HAVE NITS. LET'S ALL
LAUGH 'TILL HE CRIES

TWO MINUTES LATER...

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

TOP TIPS

CATCH a condor by simply building a wooden stockade 1 metre high and 50 metres in diameter, and then placing a dead goat in the centre. The bird will land inside the stockade to feed on the goat, but will then be unable to get out. This is because condors require a 'run up' of at least 100 metres before they can gain the momentum necessary for take off.

G. Hill
Birmingham

YORKSHIRE parents. Stuff your children with fatty food and prevent them from taking exercise. Come the annual water shortage obese children will require far less water to fill the bath.

Timothy Gronneberg
Dundee

MAKE rowing a boat easier by drilling a few large holes through the oars.

John Tait
Thropton

WHEN standing on a chair to change a light bulb always put the chair in position, below the light, before standing on it. It becomes much harder to move the chair once you are standing on it.

T. Macroadstone
Derby

ACTION MEN embedded in a half a grapefruit make 'extra large' Subbuteo footballers suitable for adults.

I.C. Grimsby

LAMB for dinner tonight and you've forgotten the mint sauce? No worries. Toothpaste mixed with a little vinegar and chopped nettle leaves makes an ideal emergency replacement.

J.T. Thropton

PROMISE to ring people at specific times, then don't. They'll ring you to see what's wrong, at which point you can have your original planned conversation at their expense.

Dawn Ralphson
Euxton, Lancs.

CATCH a monkey by drilling a hole in a hollow tree just wide enough for a monkey's hand to pass through, then put nuts inside the hole. The monkey will stick his hand inside the tree to reach them, but with the nuts in his grasp his hand will be too wide to remove from the hole. The animal will not have the intelligence to drop the nuts in order to effect his escape.

G. Hill
Birmingham

JOY RIDERS. Lie in the freezer all day before going out at nights to steal cars. Then, when you ditch the motor and make a run for it through people's back gardens, you'll be invisible to the thermal imaging cameras on the police helicopter.

Urinal Dockrat
Marsworth, Bucks.

Weigh in your words of wisdom. We pay £10 CASH plus a unique, 'Top Tips' pen. ('Unique' in that we only had 1,000 made.) Write to Top Tips, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

DIFFUSE 'road rage' stand-offs by out stretching your arms and suggesting that you both hug.

Austin Fisher
Finsbury Park N4

ACQUIRE the coolest garden in your street by placing Rayban sunglasses on your gnomes and replacing their fishing rods with small toy shotguns.

N. Aitchison
Nicosia, Cyprus

MAKE 'thick' stamps costing only two pence by filing a 2p piece into a rectangular shape and painting it red.

R. Yarwood
Runcorn

NEWCASTLE fans. Don't waste money on those expensive new replica shirts. Just steam the label off a Brown Ale bottle and stick it on the front of your old one.

Jonathon Sturman
Scunthorpe

GIRLS. If you see me in the street, drop your knickers for us.

David Doyle
Huyton, Liverpool

YORKSHIRE tea room owners. Do your bit to save water this summer by placing half a house brick in all your teapots.

Jonathon Miller
Bristol

OFFICE workers. Half a ball of Edam cheese makes a handy desk top 'pen cushion', and can be nibbled if you become peckish between meals.

A. Madeupname
Fictitiousplace

HOT summer weather often causes the flowers which I put before my family Buddhist altar to dry up quickly. I find that if I put a ten yen coin in the vase the flowers stay alive longer, although I do not know why.

J. Earl
Oxford

OLD FOLK. Make meal-times easier by employing a set of novelty clockwork teeth to 'pre-chew' your food before it enters your mouth.

J.T. Thropton

SUCK the eyes from attacking zombies using a Black & Decker 'Dustbuster'. The zombies will then wander aimlessly and can be dispatched by the usual methods at a more leisurely pace.

J.T. Thropton

An XR3i Cabriolet with the roof down makes a perfect roller skate for dinosaurs.

Dale Wadman
Coalville, Leics.

GIRLS. Stuff a pitta bread with tampons, lipstick, etc. Your friends be green with envy at your 'Vivienne Westwood' style clutch bag.

Bunny McMahon
Cork

POLO mints make excellent 'spearmint washers' for drinking water taps, and after a drink of water they leave your breath minty fresh.

Ramindar Plinth
Ilford

TRY using Cola cubes instead of Oxo cubes. Not only will it put the fizz back into tired old recipes, it also considerably reduces the risk of BSE.

Daisy Duke
Hazzard

This top tips book (and another one as well!)

Book Bound
TOP Tips 2
Hand picked from the pages of
VIZ
NEW
FRESHLY BREWED
are for sale in the s



Make traffic jams a thing of the past. Just take to the air with...

FlyCard[®]
autoplane adaptor

The wonders of technology know no bounds. Now, a simple wallet sized smart card, slotted into your cigarette lighter will convert your car into an aeroplane. Simple to fly- no pilot's licence required. Just drive your car as normal- **THROUGH THE AIR!**

We don't know how it works, IT JUST DOES!

Slow Queues is Good News!

Warning: The FlyCard does not work on certain models of car. Check with your dealership whether your car can fly.

only **£499**
Sorry. Only 1000 or more FlyCards per order.

Oliver Whore was a posh antique dealer who moved in Royal circles. One day he was working in his antique shop when the phone rang...

And for insurance purposes I'd say it's worth... er... around £5000



Really? That much eh? What a pleasant surprise

Oh, excuse me. I'll just answer the phone...

Hello, Oliver Whore Antiques. Furniture bought and sold - best prices paid. Full and part house clearances undertaken.



Pardon? Who is this? Goodness gracious! Is there any need for that?!

Look, this is the fifty third time you've called today! If you don't stop it I shall have no choice but to call the police, do you hear me?

Do you want to sniff my panties? They're all moist and damp. Can you smell them? Can you smell my panties? They're WET for you Ollie!



Are you hot for me, big boy? I'm hot for you. Come on, spank my arse! Spank it hard. I love it when you're dirty! Come on. Be DIRTY with me!!

The following day police called to see Diana.



I'm sorry Miss Diana. But when we dialled 1471 we got the number of a call box just round the corner from here.

How do you explain this Diana?

I can't explain it! I can't! But it wasn't me. It wasn't! You've got to believe me!

Late that evening Charles made a secret phone call...



Tampax calling Wicked Witch, over. Hi darling. That worked a treat! The police think it was her, and I swear she's cracking up. It won't be long now.

Charles and Camelia's plan was working to perfection. Within days the press turned on poor Diana, branding her a tramp and an unfit mother.



No! No! It's not true!! It's all lies!!

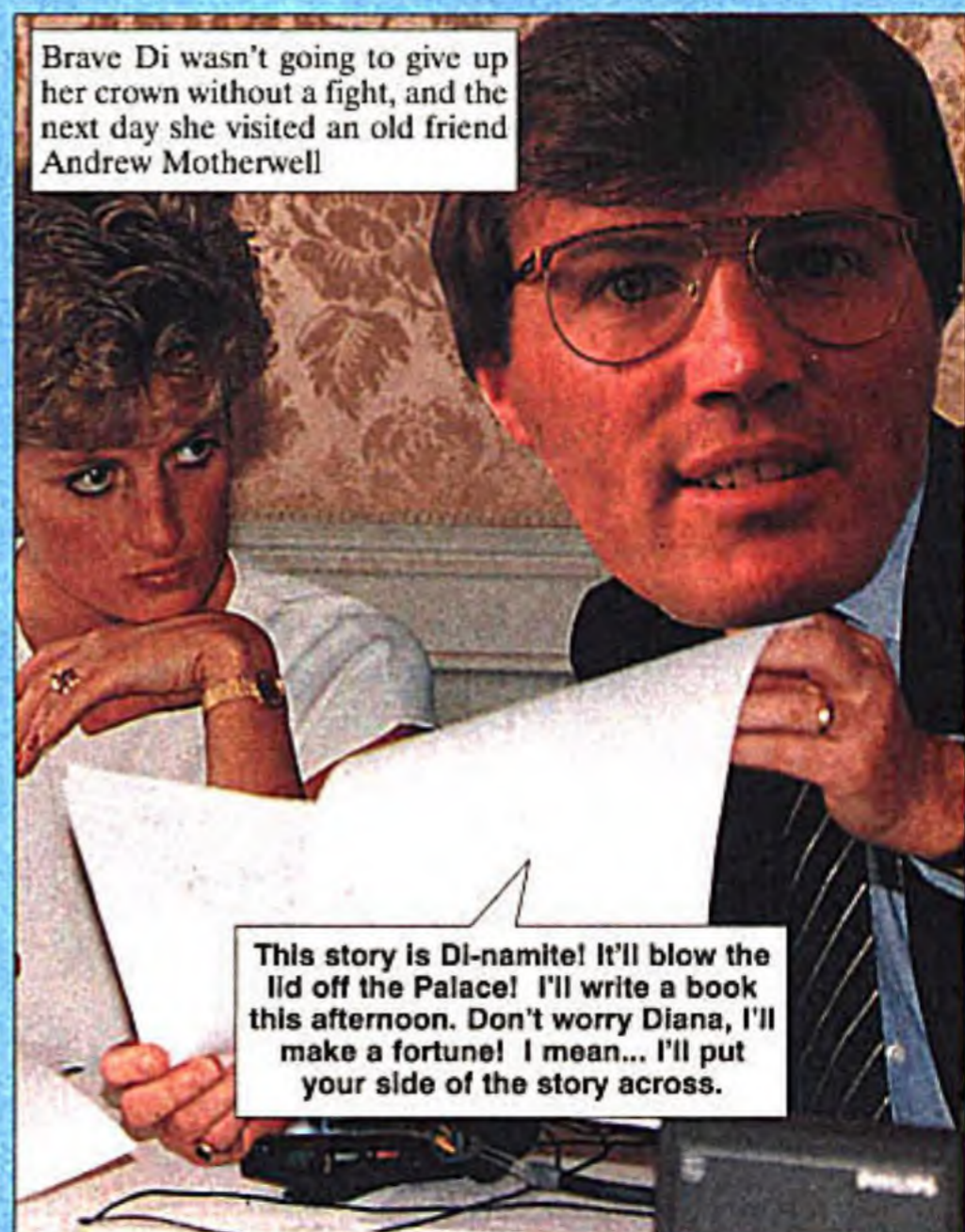
Then one day Diana came upon a milkman outside the Palace gates. Dressed in humble rags, the milkman did not recognise the beautiful Princess and spoke to her in common tongue.



I'll tell ya who's got Prince Charles' slippers under 'er bed. Only that Camelia Parker-Knowles! Yeah, he's been giving her one for ages! Fancy climbin' over Princess Di to get to 'er, eh? He must be maaaaad!

At last it all began to make sense.

Brave Di wasn't going to give up her crown without a fight, and the next day she visited an old friend Andrew Motherwell



This story is DI-namite! It'll blow the lid off the Palace! I'll write a book this afternoon. Don't worry Diana, I'll make a fortune! I mean... I'll put your side of the story across.

One day Di was driving through Hyde Park when she spotted a tramp drowning in the Terpentine.



Hold on, I'm coming!

Help, help! I'm drowning!

Without a thought for her own safety Di bravely dived in and rescued the poor tramp



Thank you, Maam. You right saved me good and proper you did. Else wise I would have drowned and no mistake

Why, I'm naught but a humble tramp. And yet you risked your life to save me. You're an Angel of Mercy, Maam, to be sure. May the Lord bless you.

Fortunately for Diana a passing TV crew recorded the event.

The book's revelations and Di's acts of public kindness and bravery began to sway public opinion in her favour.



I think that Princess Di's great. She saved a tramp you know.

Yeah, and she visits tramps in cardboard boxes

That's right. Make a great Queen she would. Pity Charles is such a miserable old git. Talks to flowers and stuff, he does.

Meanwhile, as she sat down to a TV supper with her husband Brigadier Andrew Parker-Knoll, Camelia had a problem of her own...



Hoy! Camelia, isn't that your mate Prince Charles on the telly?

Erm... yes dear. Actually, before we watch this, there's something I think you ought to know

Charles had taken the unprecedented step of going on telly to answer questions from TV host Jonathon Dimpleby.



Now then, one thing I'm sure all the viewers would like to know Charles...

... Have you ever been unfaithful to Diana?

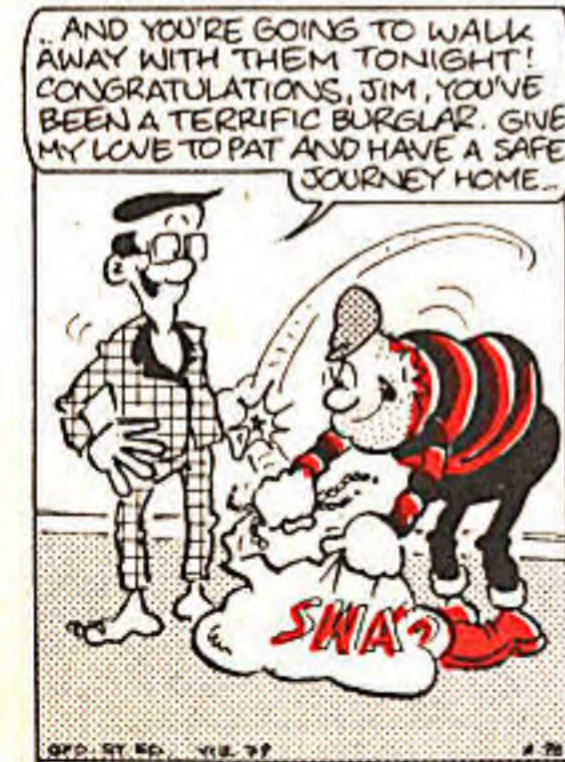
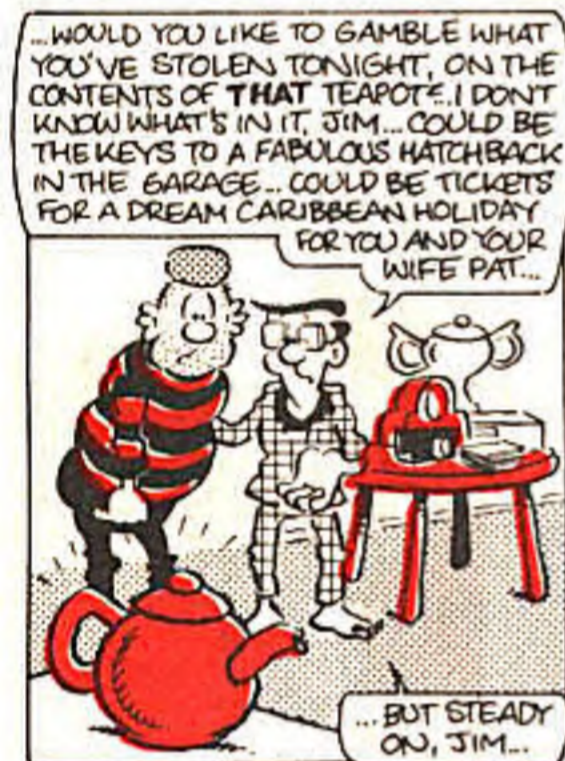
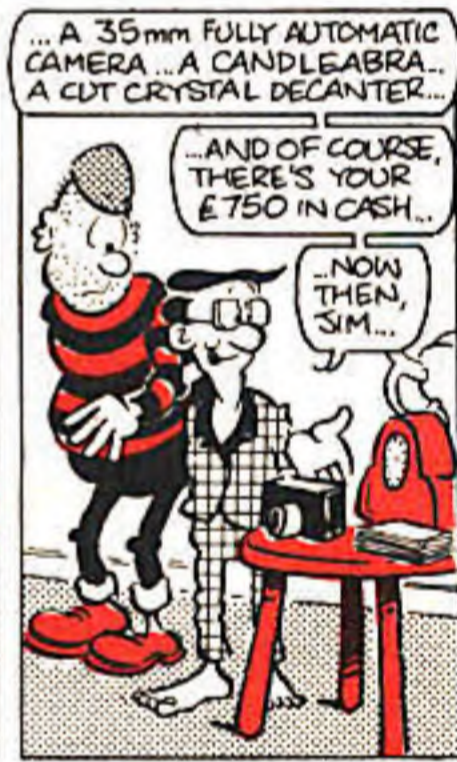
Erm... yes. I've been doing it with Camelia Parker-Knowles for ages. But only cos I wasn't getting any at home

That evening...



Good work Tampax! Better keep your head down cos the shit's really gonna hit the fan. My old man's already asked for a divorce. Now we just need to get rid of you-know-who... and I can be Queen at last!!

Billy Quiz



NOBBY'S PILES



AH, THIS IS THE LIFE! A FORTNIGHT IN FIFEL. JUST THE THING TO TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF ME BWMA FREUDS. THEY'VE BEEN THROBBING LIKE BILLY-HO.



YES DEAR

LOOK OUT NOBBY! YOUR DECKCHAIR 'A'-FRAME SUPPORT RATCHETS HAVEN'T FULLY ENGAGED ON THE...



WHA...?

SNAP!



AAAARGH! BLOODY 'ELL! ME PILES! THEY'RE BEING SCISSORED IN THE MECHANISM!



DON'T WORRY MADAM. I'LL RESCUE YOUR HUSBAND.



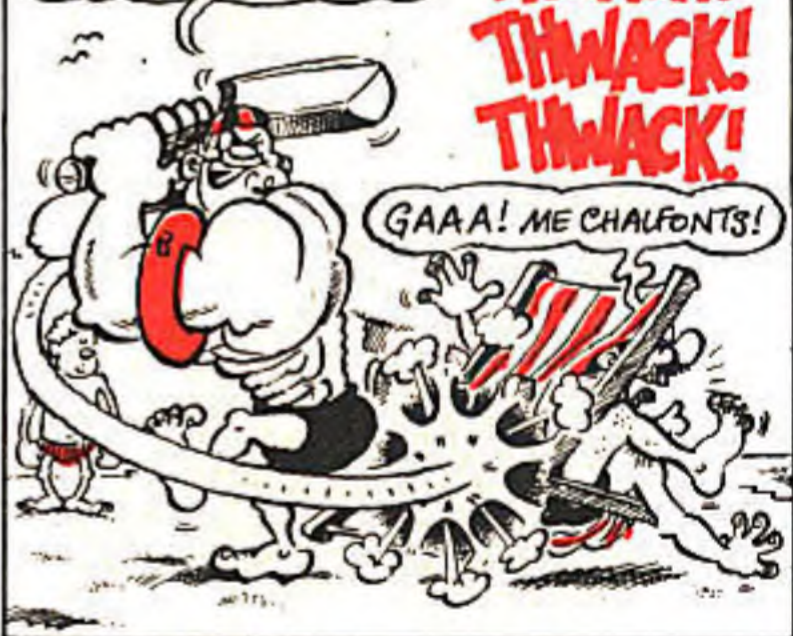
ERM... COULD YOU TRY ANOTHER WAY. THAT JUST LOOKS LIKE IT'S WEDGING THEM IN TIGHTER.



GRUNT. HEAVE.

NMP! NMP!

RIGHT. THIS BEACH CRICKET BAT SHOULD DISLodge 'EM.



THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

GAAA! ME CHAUFONTS!

K-POP!



THERE!

OH! WELL DONE!

OH MY WORD. HIS BUMGRADES ARE IN A TERRIBLE STATE.



I KNOW. WE'LL LIE HIM IN THE SHADE AND LET SOME AIR GET TO THEM. HE'LL BE RIGHT AS RAIN IN NO TIME.

SO...



TWO NINETY-NINES AND A FUNNY FEET PLEASE.

SORRY MATE. I'VE NOT GOT NO ICE CREAMS OR LOLLIES LEFT. I'M OFF HOME.



BAH! ITS OVER A HUNDRED FARRUNHIGHT.



RIGHT. NOW THAT NOBBY'S SAFELY IN THE SHADE, I CAN START "WAR AND PEACE" AND READ THE WHOLE BOOK FROM COVER TO COVER. GIVING IT MY UNDIVIDED ATTENTION.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

"...THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON OF IGNORANCE - THE DIFFUSION OF PRINTED MATERIAL - THE END." OOH. THAT WAS A GOOD BOOK. I THINK I'LL READ IT AGAIN. AHEN PAGE ONE. "ALL HAPPY FAMILIES RESEMBLE ONE ANOTHER..."



SEVERAL HOURS LATER STILL...

"...BLAH BLAH BLAH - THE DIFFUSION OF PRINTED MATERIAL - THE END." OOH. THAT WAS A GOOD BOOK, NOBBY. OH DEAR - WHERE'S THE ICE-CREAM VAN GONE?



IT WENT AGES AGO. YOUR HUSBAND'S FARMERS HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO THE FULL MERCILESS HEAT OF THE SUN FOR A WHOLE DAY. THEY'RE BURNT TO A CRISP!



TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL QUENCH THEM IN THE SEA.

ASSSSHHH!

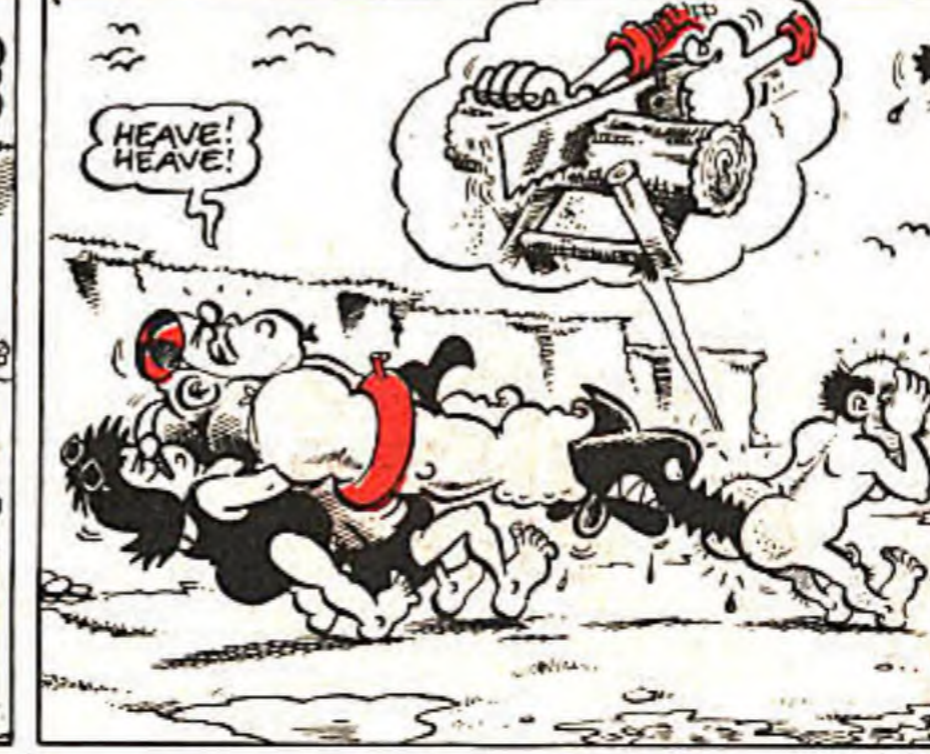


G-A-A-A-A-A-AAGH!

WOW! A GREATER BARB-TOOTHED BARACUDA - THE MOST TENACIOUS SPECIES OF SWORDFISH.



AAARGH! AAARGH! AAARGH! AAARGH!

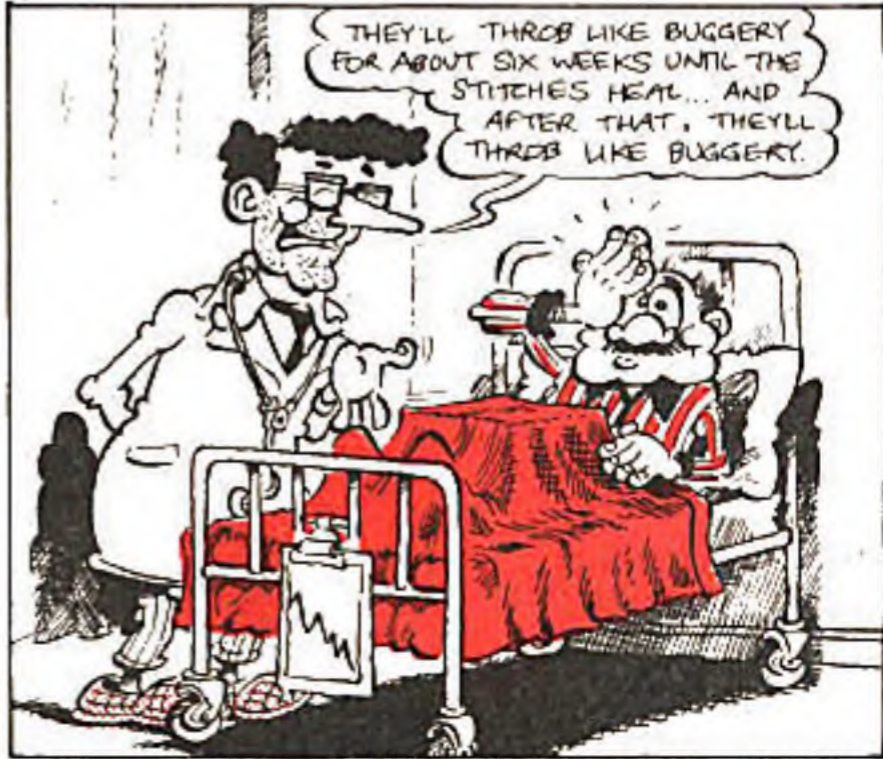
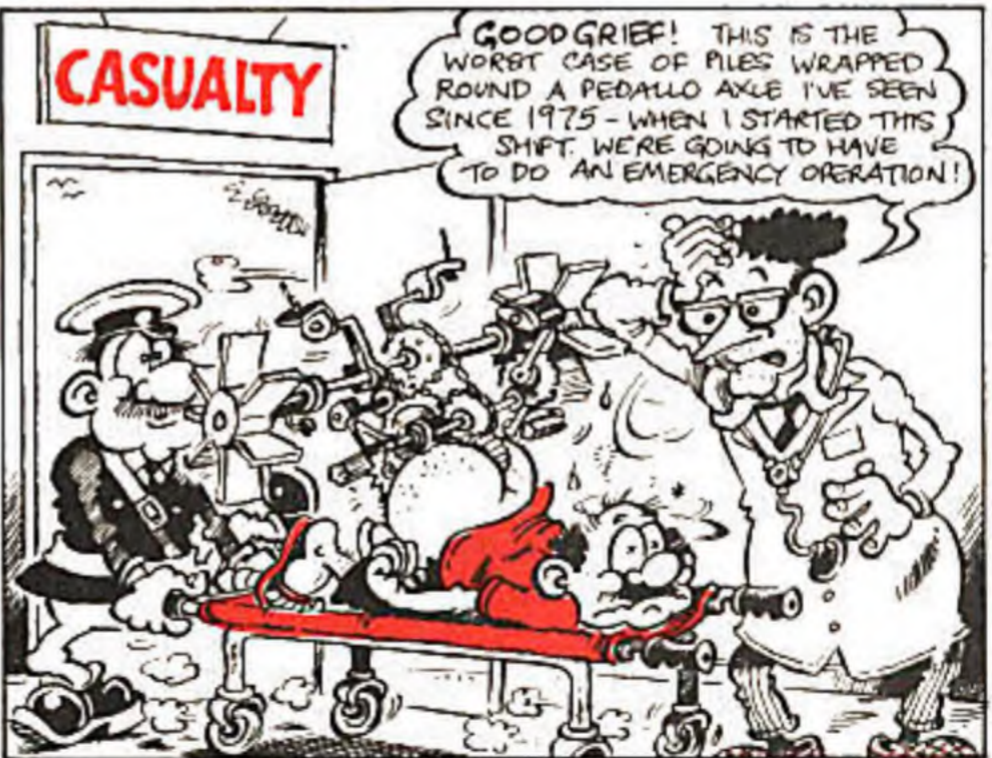
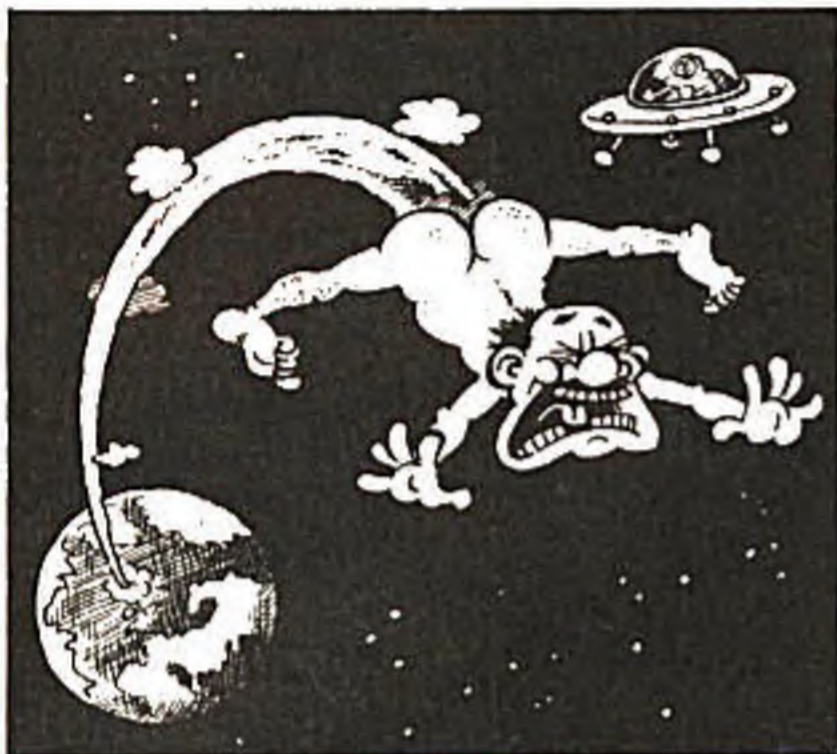


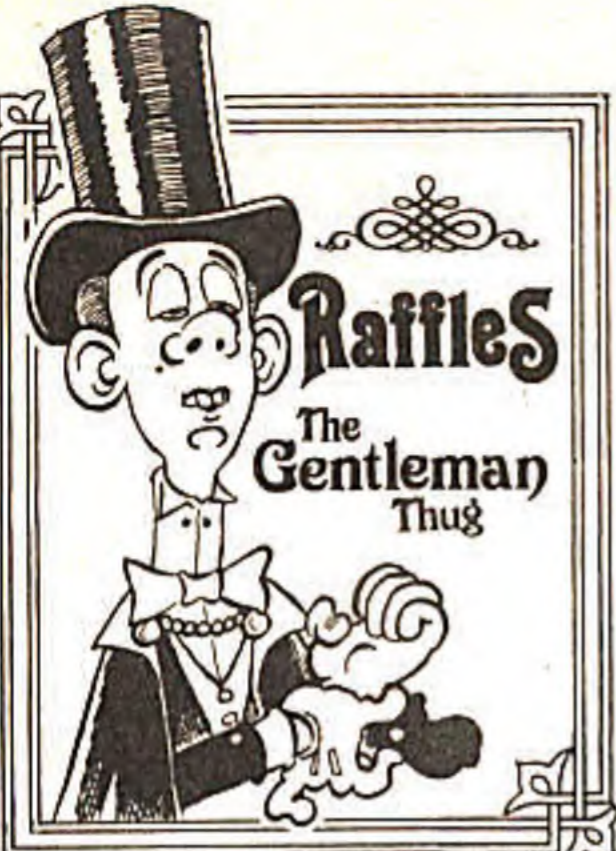
HEAVE! HEAVE!



R-R-R-RIP!

F...FF...FFF...





HIS EXCELLENCY THANKS YOU, LORD RAFFLES, AND FURTHERMORE EXTENDS TO YOU HIS RESPECTFUL COMPLIMENTS ON YOUR DELIGHTFUL COMPANION, MISS FORBES-HAMPTON-FFORBES.

AHEM!

WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO ENQUIRE OF HIS EXCELLENCY IF HE IS LOOKING AT MY BIRD, AND IF SO, WHAT HE PROPOSES TO DO ABOUT IT.

POVLOV POV BOV BOV PLOVSKY!

PLOVSKY PLOVSKY PLOVSK! BLOV BLOV BLIVSKY BLOVSKY PLOVSK!

HIS EXCELLENCY HUMBLLY APOLOGISES, AND HASTENS TO REASSURE YOU THAT IT WAS NEVER HIS INTENTION TO LOOK AT YOUR COMPANION.

WOULD YOU OFFER HIS EXCELLENCY MY GRATITUDE FOR HIS EARNEST REASSURANCES - BUT FURTHER ENQUIRE OF HIM, IF THAT IS THE CASE, WHY IS HE NOT LOOKING AT HER - IS THERE SOMETHING UP WITH HER OR IS HE A PUFF OR WHAT?

PLOVSKY! BLOV POV!

AND FURTHERMORE - COULD YOU KINDLY REQUEST HIS EXCELLENCY TO COME ON THEN AND HAVE A GO IF HE BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE HARD ENOUGH. WOULD YOU FURTHER INFORM HIM THAT HE CAN FUCKING TRY SON.

HIS EXCELLENCY DOESN'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.

BUNNY OLD CHAP - WOULD YOU HOLD MY COAT WHILE I KICK THIS CHEEKY FUCKER'S TEETH IN.

CERTAINLY, IT WILL BE AN HONOUR, RAFFLES OLD CHAP.

KNUTT!

BLODYAV! NOV! NOV!

HIS EXCELLENCY SAYS DODAH! ME NOSE.

I SAY! TOPPING! FIGHT! FIGHT!

LOOK AT MY BIRD WOULD YOU, SIR?

OOF! AAARGH! YOWCH!

PUNT!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

WANT SOME MORE EH? WANT SOME MORE DO YOU, EH SIR, YOU FUCKING MOLDAVIAN BASTARD, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - HIS MAJESTY THE KING - AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS QUEEN ALEXANDREA.

BIFF! BIFF!

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! ENOUGH OF THIS UNSEEMLY BEHAVIOUR! THERE ARE LADIES PRESENT.

WHACK

I AM DEEPLY SORRY YOUR MAJESTY. IT WAS A MATTER OF HONOUR - AND I AM ABSECTLY ASHAMED.

IN MY DEFENCE, I WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT HE WAS LOOKING AT MY BIRD'S TITS, YOUR MAJESTY.

WELL, SINCE YOU ARE THIS EVENING ESCORTING THE DELIGHTFUL MISS FORBES-HAMPTON-FFORBES...

...YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME HIM FOR THAT, RAFFLES OLD BEAN, WHAT WHAT WHAT. HAH! HAH! HAH!

SHE IS INDEED A MOST ENCHANTING VISION.

PARDON MY IMPUDENCE, YOUR MAJESTY - BUT WILL YOU PERCHANCE BE PASSING THE PORTALS OF PADDINGTON INFIRMARY ON YOUR WAY BACK TO THE PALACE THIS EVENING?

INDEED RAFFLES OLD FELLOW I BELIEVE I WILL.

THAT BEING THE CASE, YOUR MAJESTY, MAY I RESPECTFULLY SUGGEST THAT WHILE YOU ARE IN SAID VICINITY, YOU TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET THAT FUCKER STITCHED Y'CURT.

SWIT!

GAH!

Million mile marathon nears end

AL JOLSON this week embarks on the final leg of a marathon million mile walk which has taken the tragic black singer a record 65 years to complete.

The walk came about after Jolson recorded the hit song 'Mammy', in which he vowed to walk a million miles for one his mammy's smiles. At first his devoted mother Eunice thought her all singing all dancing son was joking. But Jolson has spent an entire lifetime proving otherwise, turning his back on a glittering showbusiness career in order to prove his point.

Al Jolson arrives in Leicester on Wednesday

Walking

Jolson set off from Hollywood in 1931 and has been walking almost non-stop ever since. When his historic trek began Edgar Hoover was still president, pizzas had not been invented, and a Ford 'Model T' car cost just twelve dollars and fifteen cents. His epic journey has taken him through 165 countries, across the Himalayan mountains (eighteen times), through the hottest deserts, and even across thousands of miles of sea bed.

Crying

Along the way Jolson has got through 288,576 pairs of shiny black tap dancing shoes, lost 2,867 straw hats

and 9,446 walking canes, and has changed his white cotton gloves no less than 189,545 times. Jolson has walked constantly, without sleep or food, managing to maintaining an average of 2 miles per hour despite ageing considerably over the years.

Sleeping

His journey was briefly interrupted in 1939 by the outbreak of war. Unable to cross European borders the singer spent six years walking round in circles in a field in Ireland. When he eventually left locals clubbed together and raised enough cash to have a small statue erected in what has become known as 'Jolson's Field' near



"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. You ain't seen nuthin' yet", says a tired black Al Johnson yesterday.

Letterkenny, to commemorate the singer's visit.

Talking

Jolson will this week clock up his millionth mile on British soil, having arrived through the Channel Tunnel from France yesterday. Ironically, his journey will end in Leicester - 4,500 miles from his mother's home in Carolina - but the singer will never-the-less be guaranteed a warm reception.

Living Doll

"This is a great honour for our city", said Deputy

Lord Mayor Eric Thonks who will officially welcome the singer when he arrives at the DeMontford Hall on Wednesday afternoon. "My wife and I are big fans of his, and we will be inviting Mr Jolson to unveil a plaque to commemorate his great feat of endurance."

Mile End tube etc.

There is however a tragic side to the story. When Mr Jolson arrives he will be told that his mammy died in 1932, only 9 weeks after he set off on his mammoth hike.

Foreskin gives up treasures

In an adventure story straight out of Indiana Jones a team of American scientists have recovered lost treasures hidden behind the foreskin of American actor Anthony Quinn.

Helmet

Tales of lost treasures buried deep beneath the actor's helmet have been rife in Hollywood for over half a century. And last year a team of scientists from the University of California set out on a pioneering expedition to explore the uncharted area known as 'Quinn's Polo Neck', and salvage items rumoured to have been lost there over the years.

Old King

Several items were successfully recovered by the expedition but the finds were not as spectacular as had been hoped. The items recovered, which have been put on display at the Institute of Foreskin Research in Glendale, California, included a large piece of cheese, thought to be 42 years old, and some fluff.

Andy Andy

Evidence suggested that the Greek actor, born ironically in Reykjavik, Iceland, to Mexican parents, may have been ransacked by bell end robbers in the early nineteen fifties.

Man dies in think tank

AN inquest has heard how a man who died in a Government think tank had not been wearing protective breathing apparatus.

Frank Ramsbottom, 52, was found dead inside the think tank, at Reading, Oxfordshire, in May of last year. He had been cleaning the tank when the accident occurred.

Ladder

Fellow worker Jack Higgins told the inquiry how he had attempted to pull Mr Ramsbottom out of the tank after his colleague collapsed, but was unable to carry him up a narrow ladder. He was eventually driven back by noxious ideas and ran to get help. Neither men had been wearing breathing apparatus at the time.

Inquest hears how safety rules were not followed

A Government spokesman said it was standard procedure for maintenance men to wear breathing apparatus when entering a think tank. But he could not confirm that the men had been issued with suitable equipment on that occasion. Stringent

safety rules were applied and suitable training given, but he added that it was not always possible to ensure that correct procedures were being followed.

Hose

The think tank was being cleaned out in readiness for a delivery of new ideas and concepts. It was a routine operation carried out every 2 months, and there had been no reported incidents of this type in the past.

Leder

A home office pathologist confirmed that Mr Ramsbottom had died after inhaling a large quantity of toxic thoughts. He said a thin residue of ideas was found on the

bottom of the tank and that Mr Ramsbottom would have died within minutes. The coroner recorded a verdict of accidental death and recommended that procedures for cleaning out think tanks be reviewed in the light of the accident.

Hosen

A man was killed whilst trying to unblock a brain drain at Dublin University last week. Thomas McDonagh, 27, had lowered himself through a manhole and was attempting to remove leaves and other debris when he was swept away by a torrent of brains. His body was later recovered from the river Liffey.



Save water! Bath with a friend!!



★ REFRESHMENT ★
GUARANTEED

In this hot weather, it's more important than ever to maintain high standards of personal hygiene. I find a pint of cool, clear Blackthorn has such a crisp, fresh taste, it makes me feel all tingly and clean inside.

How to save water

These days, it's essential to be environmentally friendly and the friendliest environment I know is the pub. So I make sure I go in as often as possible. I do this of course, so I can save as much water as I can, by always drinking Blackthorn. When you visit a friend's, remember the more pints of their Blackthorn you drink, the more water you'll be helping them to save.



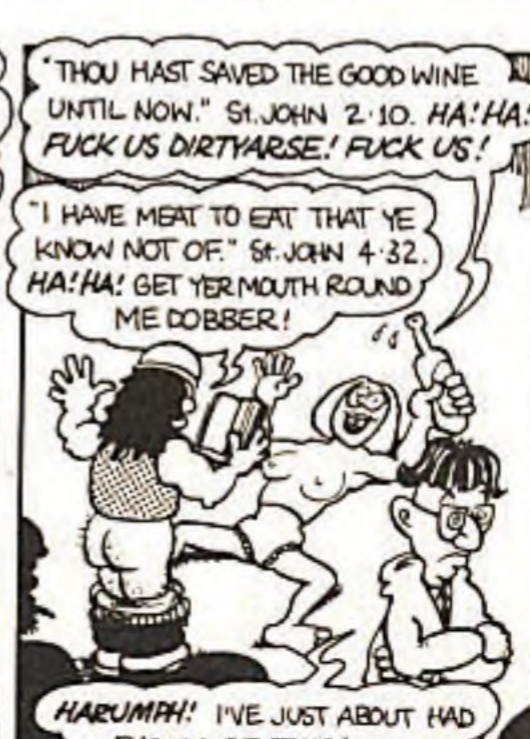
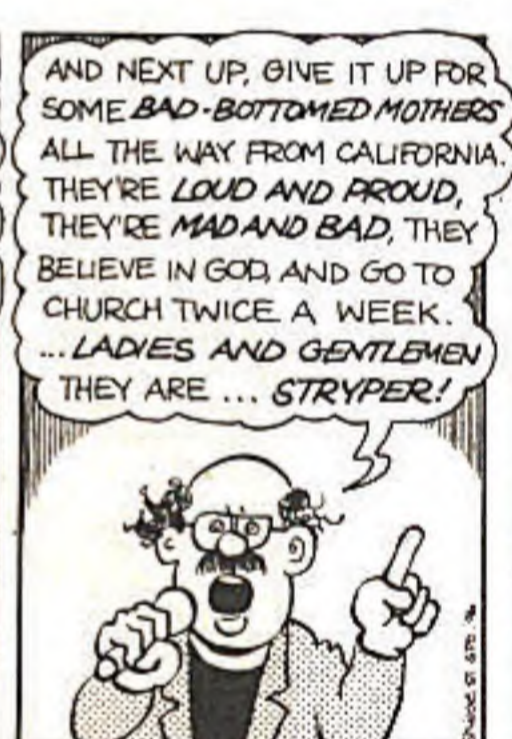
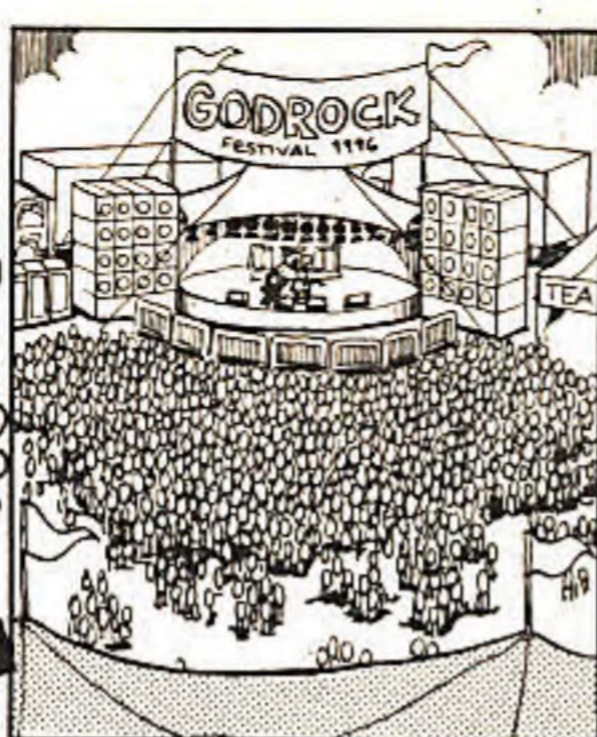
Say "no" to H₂O

During water shortages, we all have to do our bit to take the strain off the mains. My personal approach is to never order water in a pub. I always drink Blackthorn. It has a refreshingly crisp, clean taste, a delicate golden hue and there are no fish in it.

Blackthorn: Perfect in parched conditions. Definitely

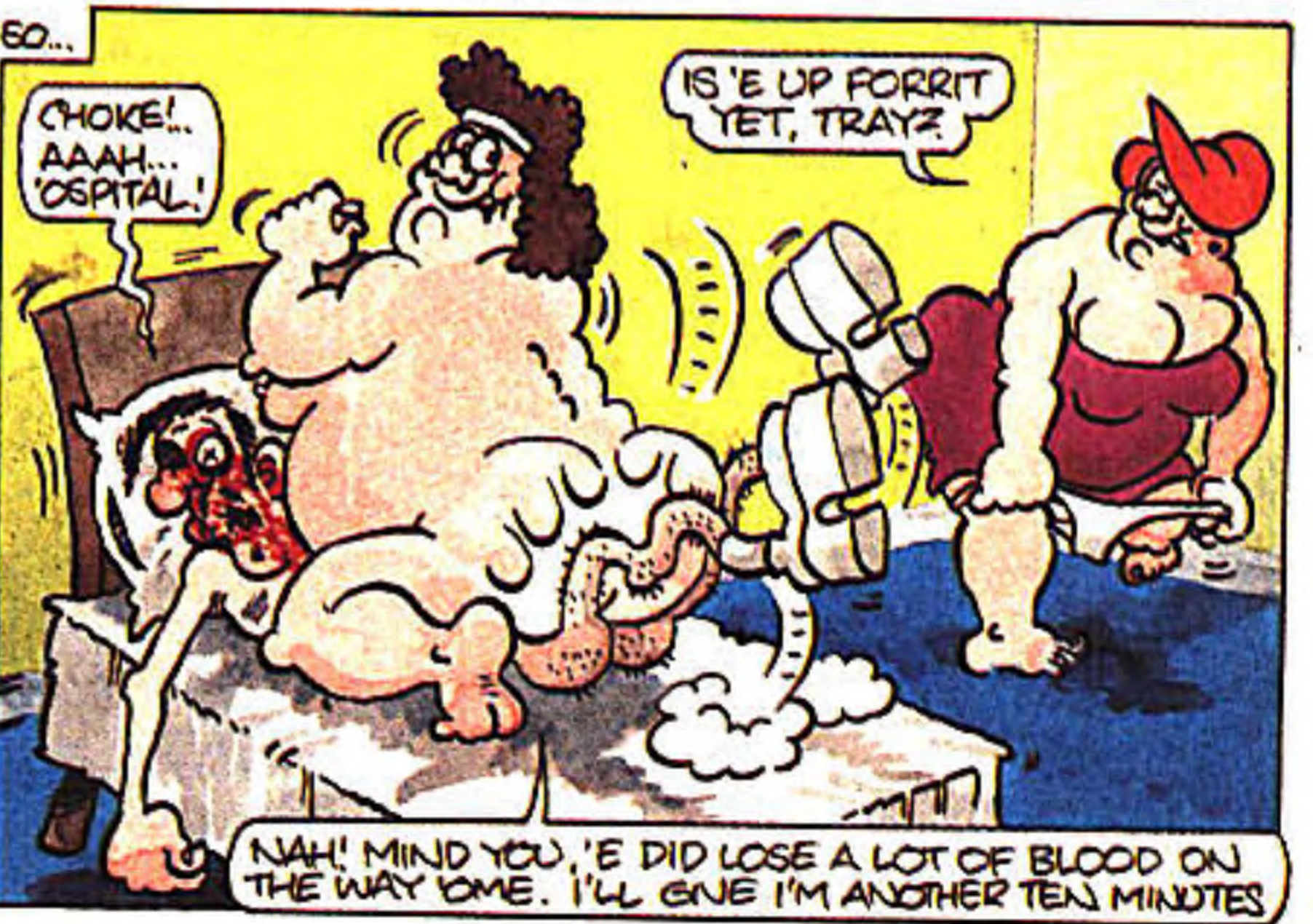
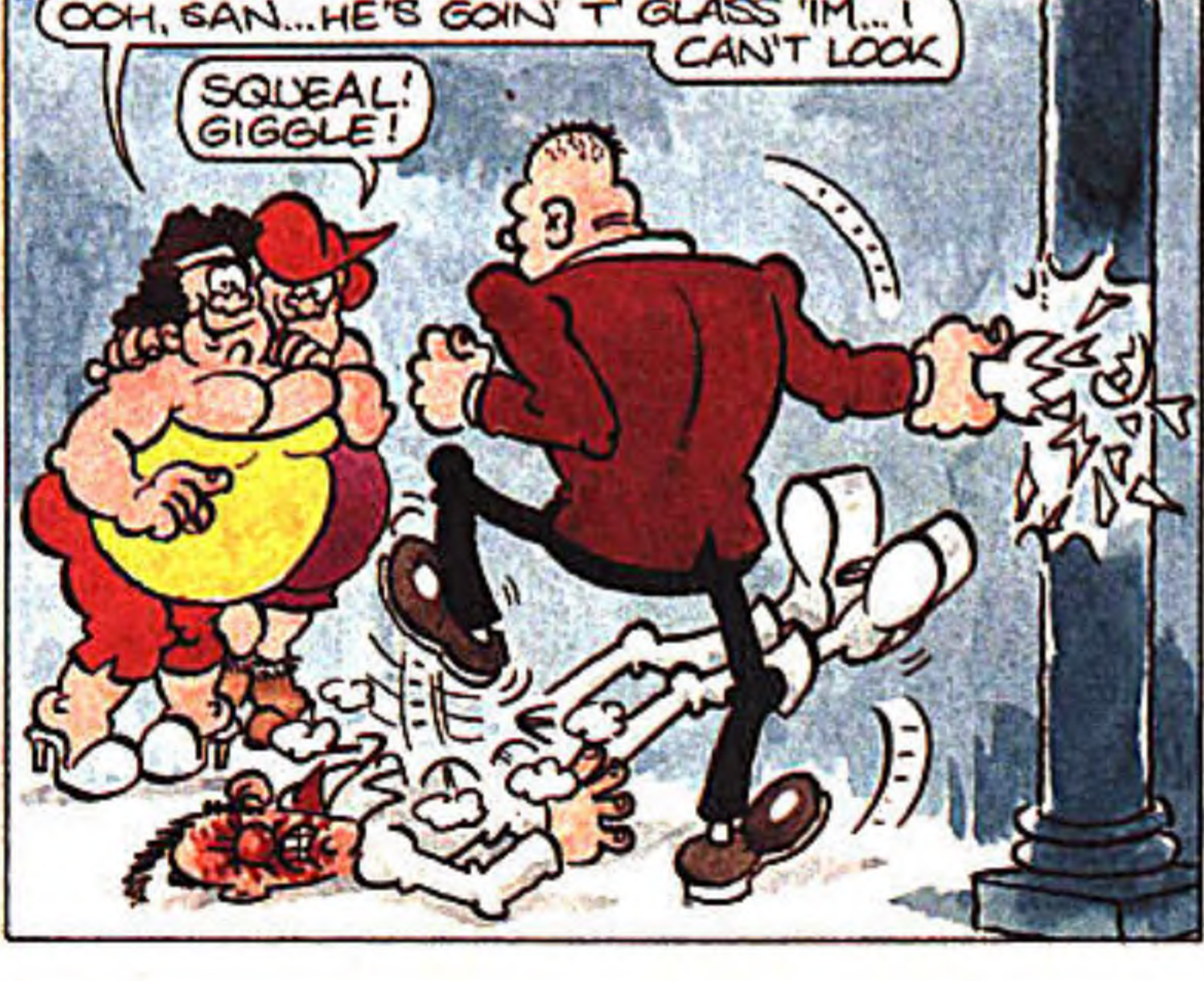
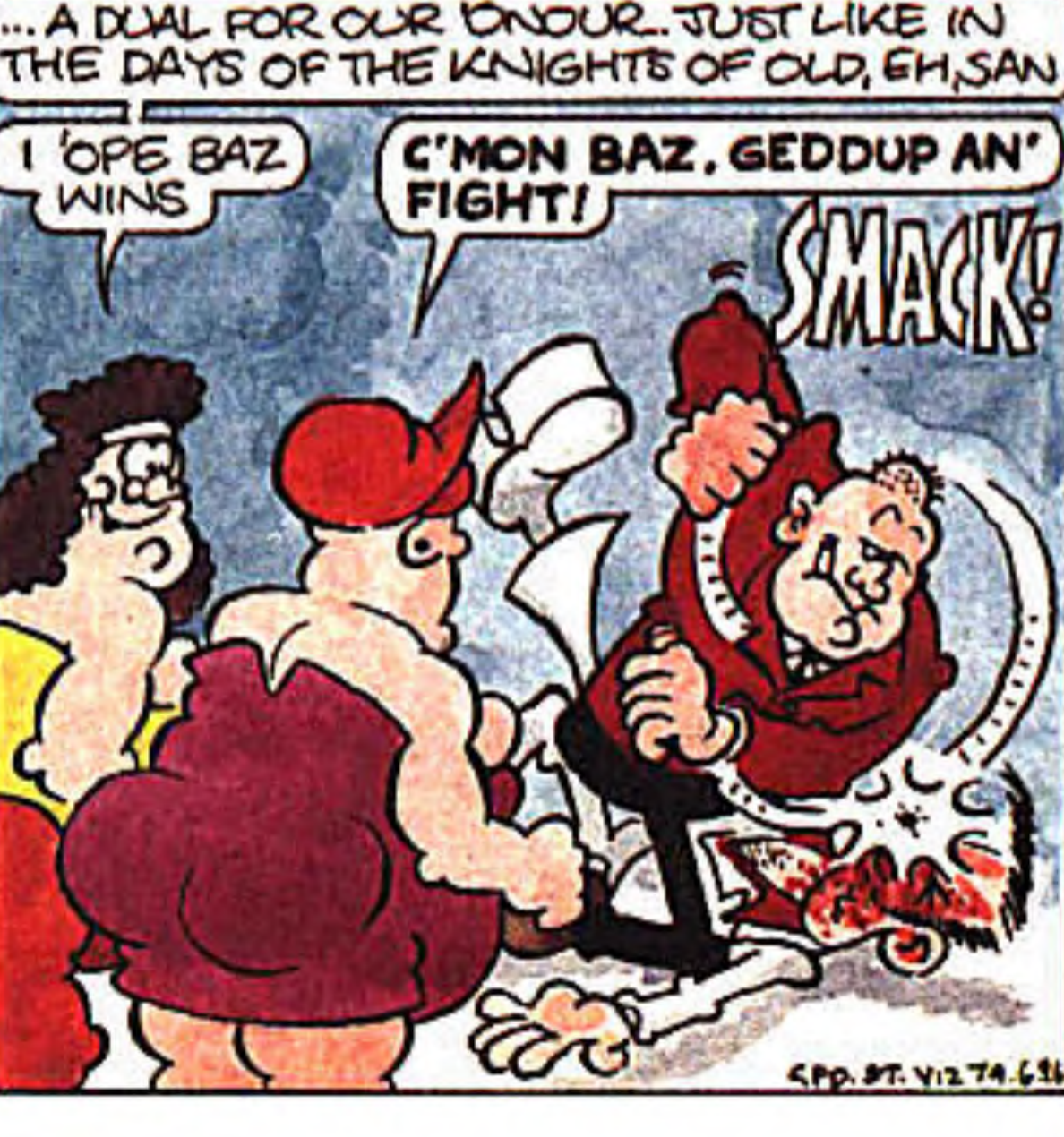
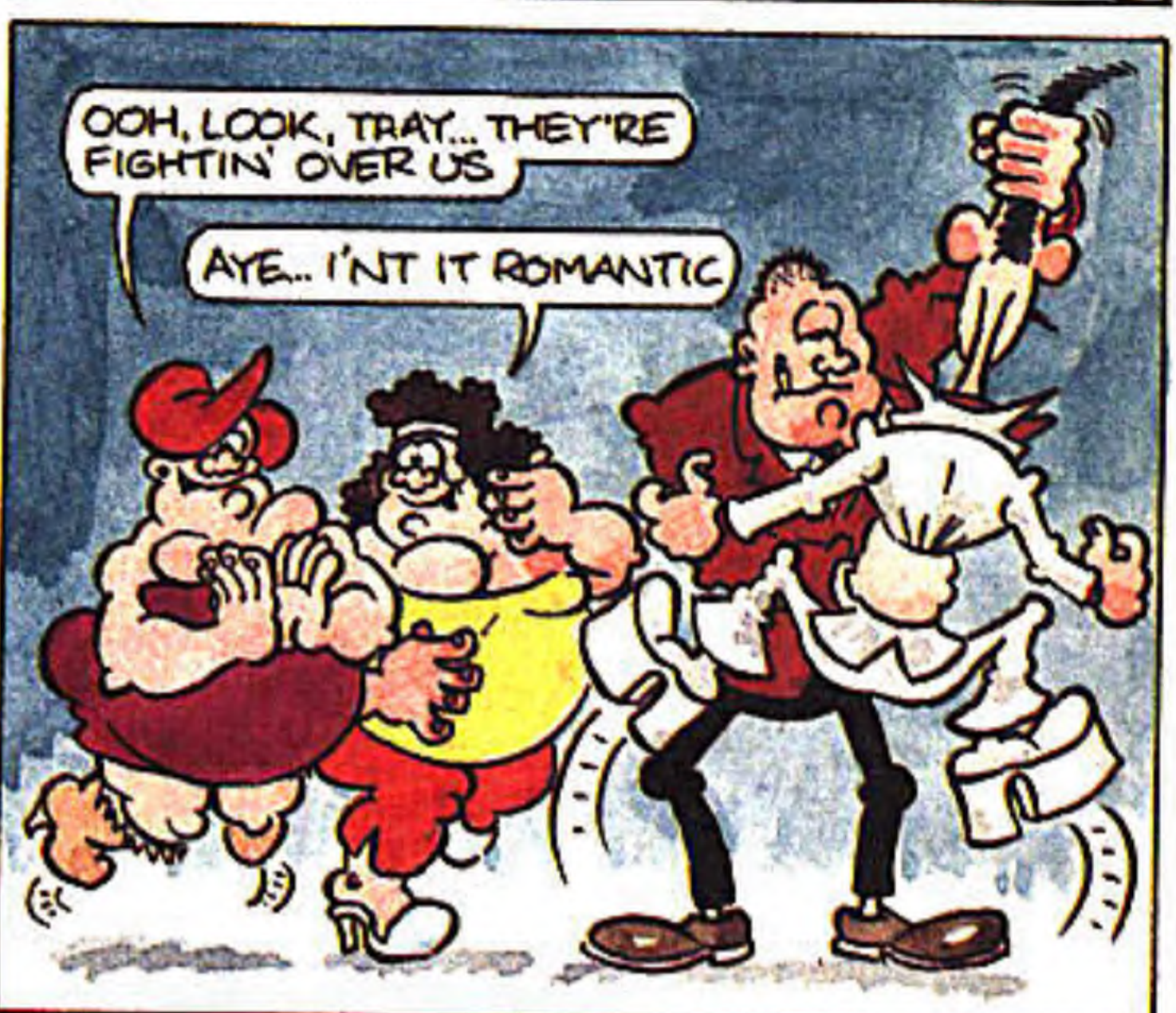
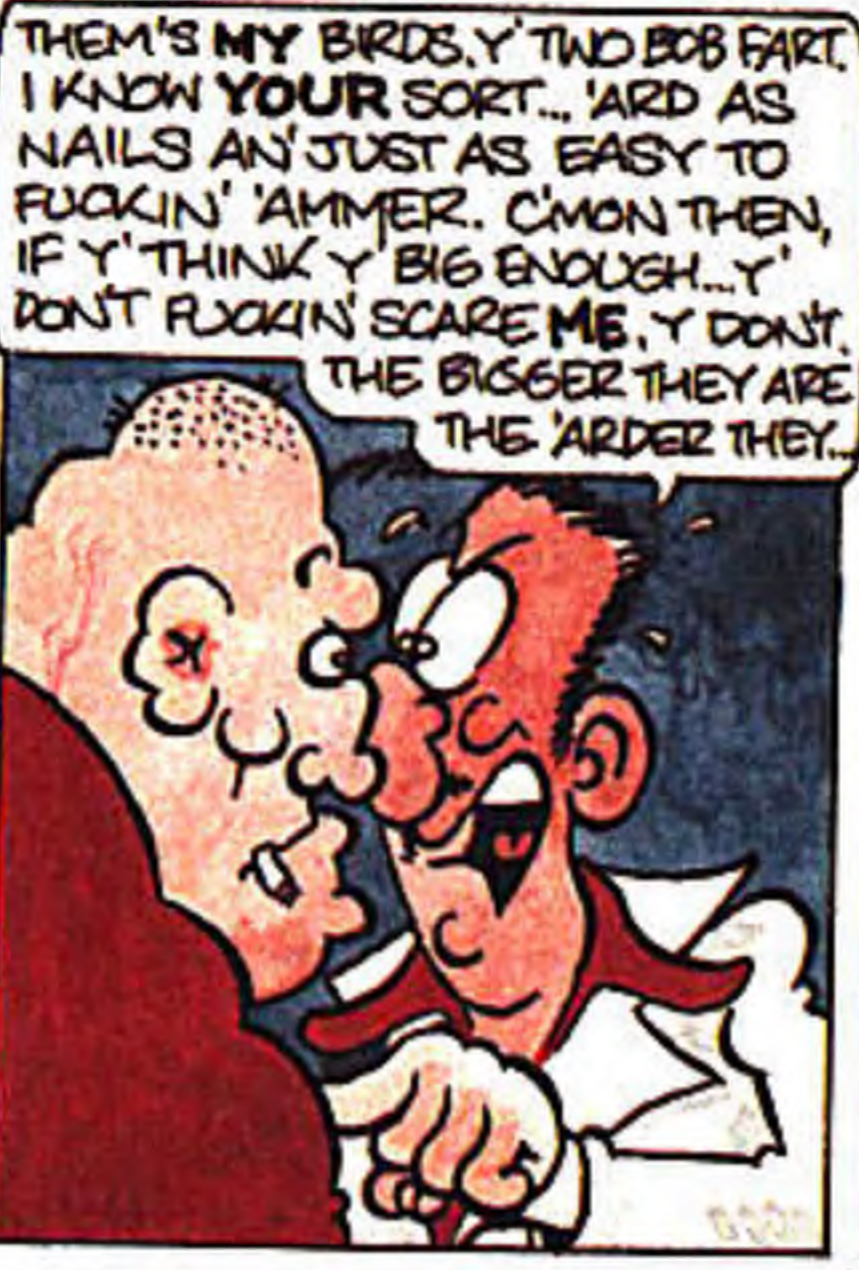
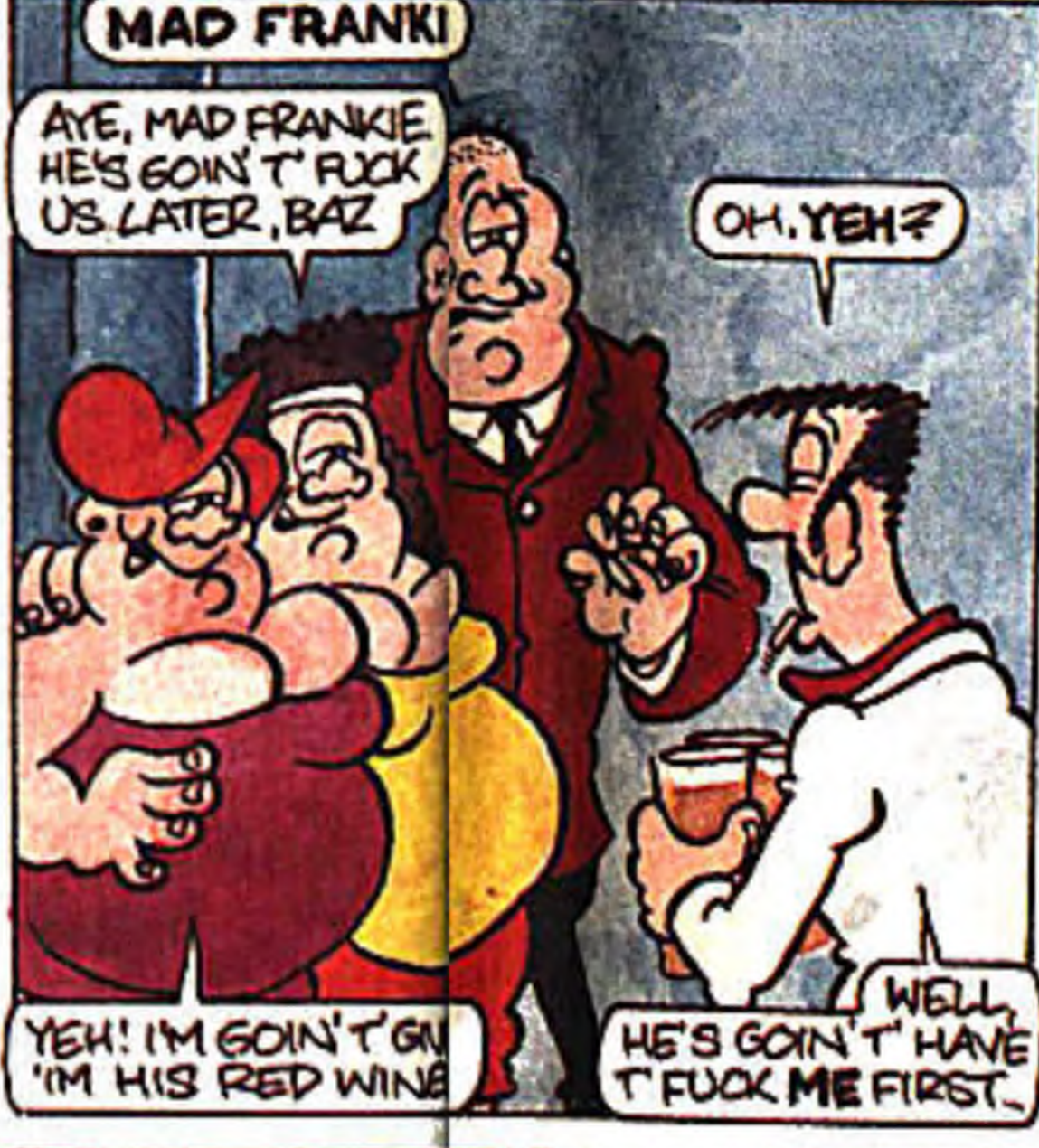
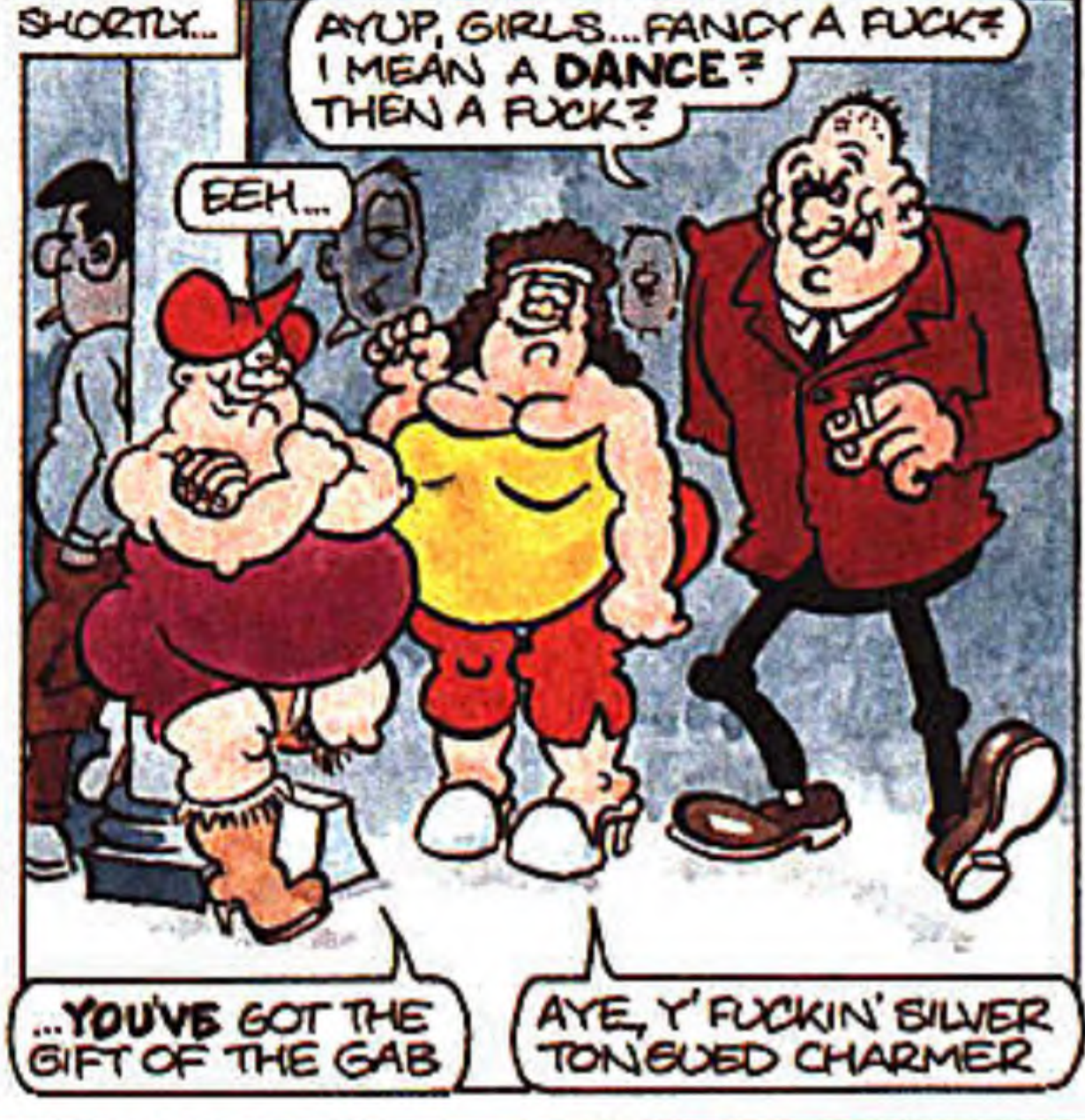
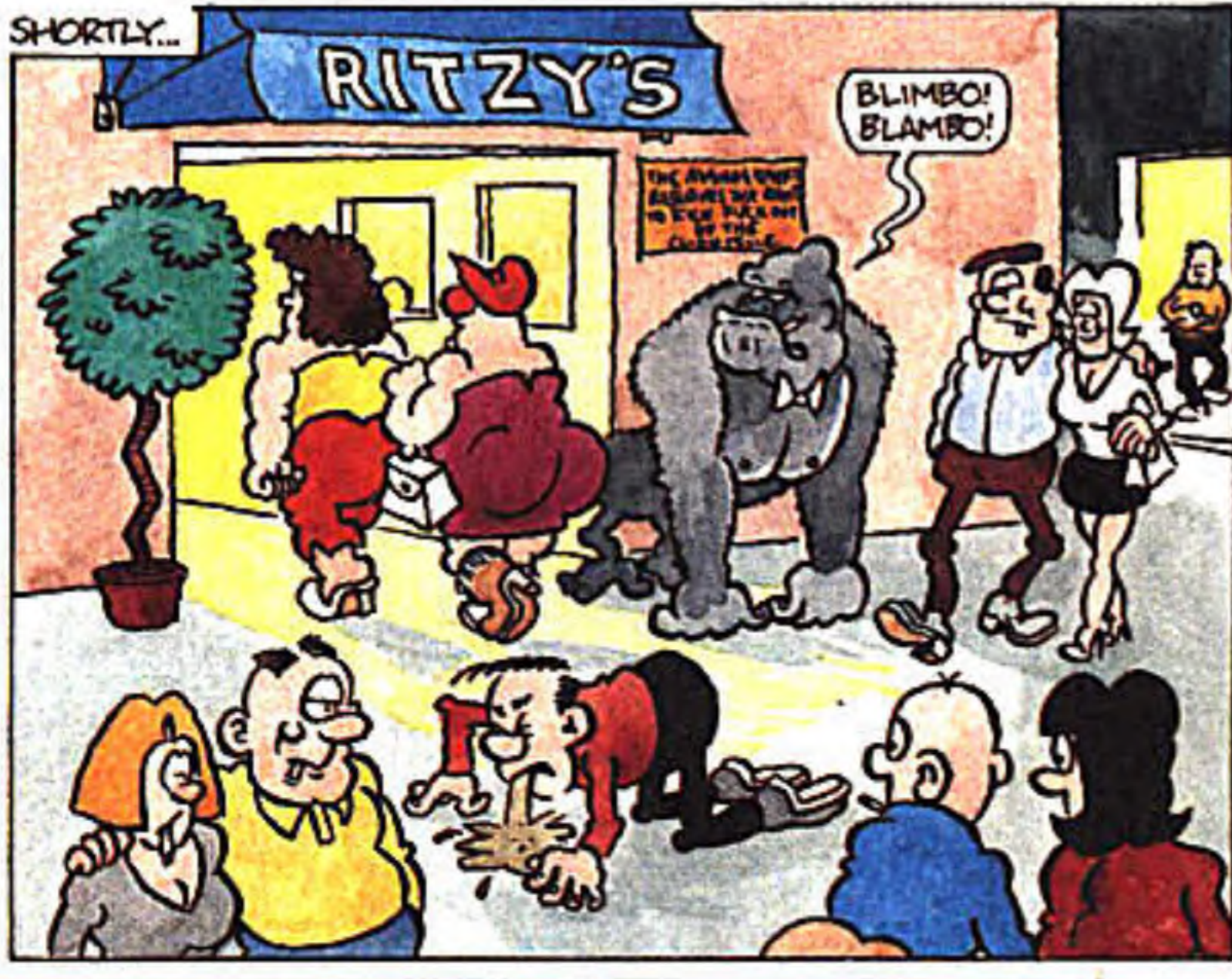
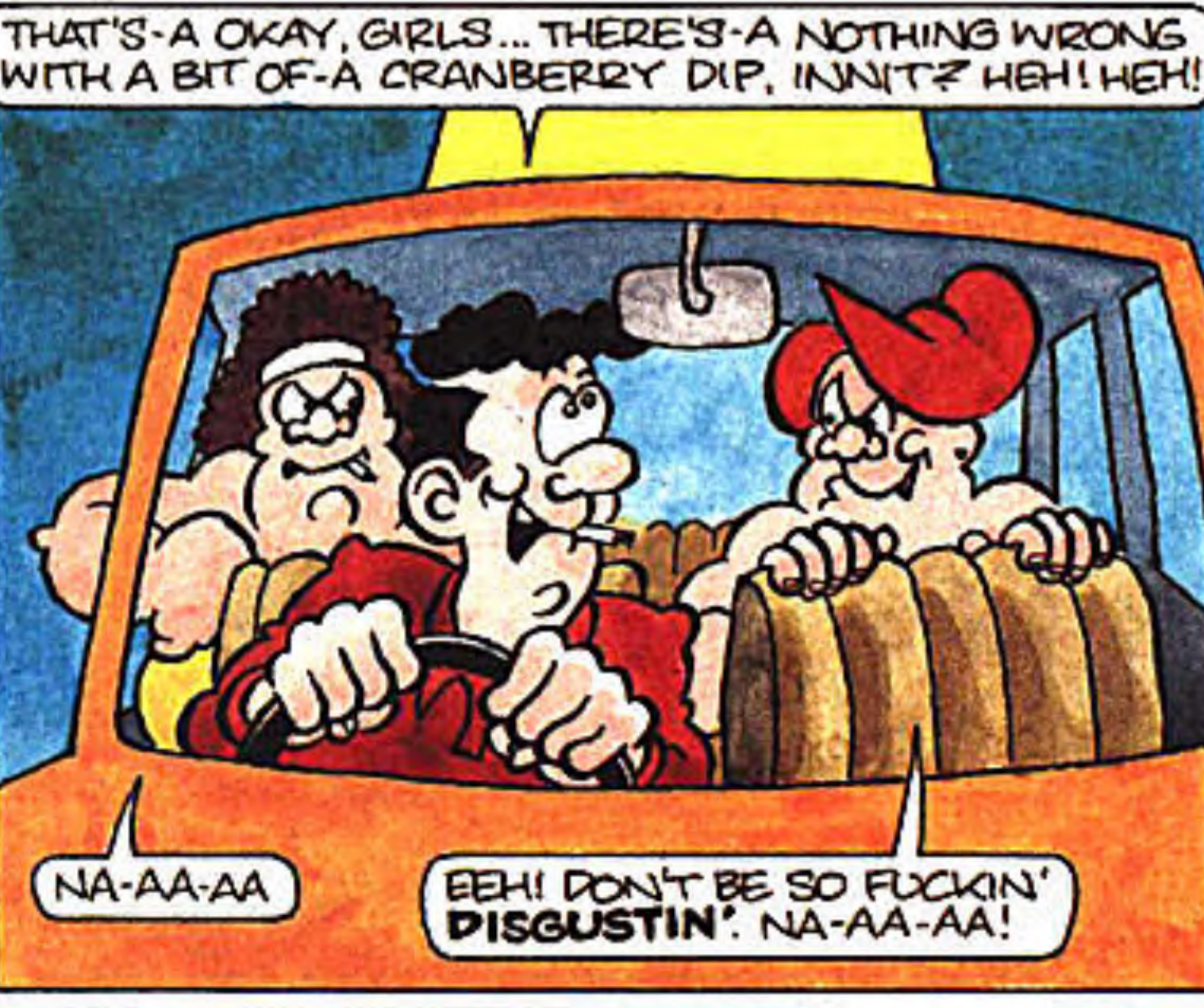
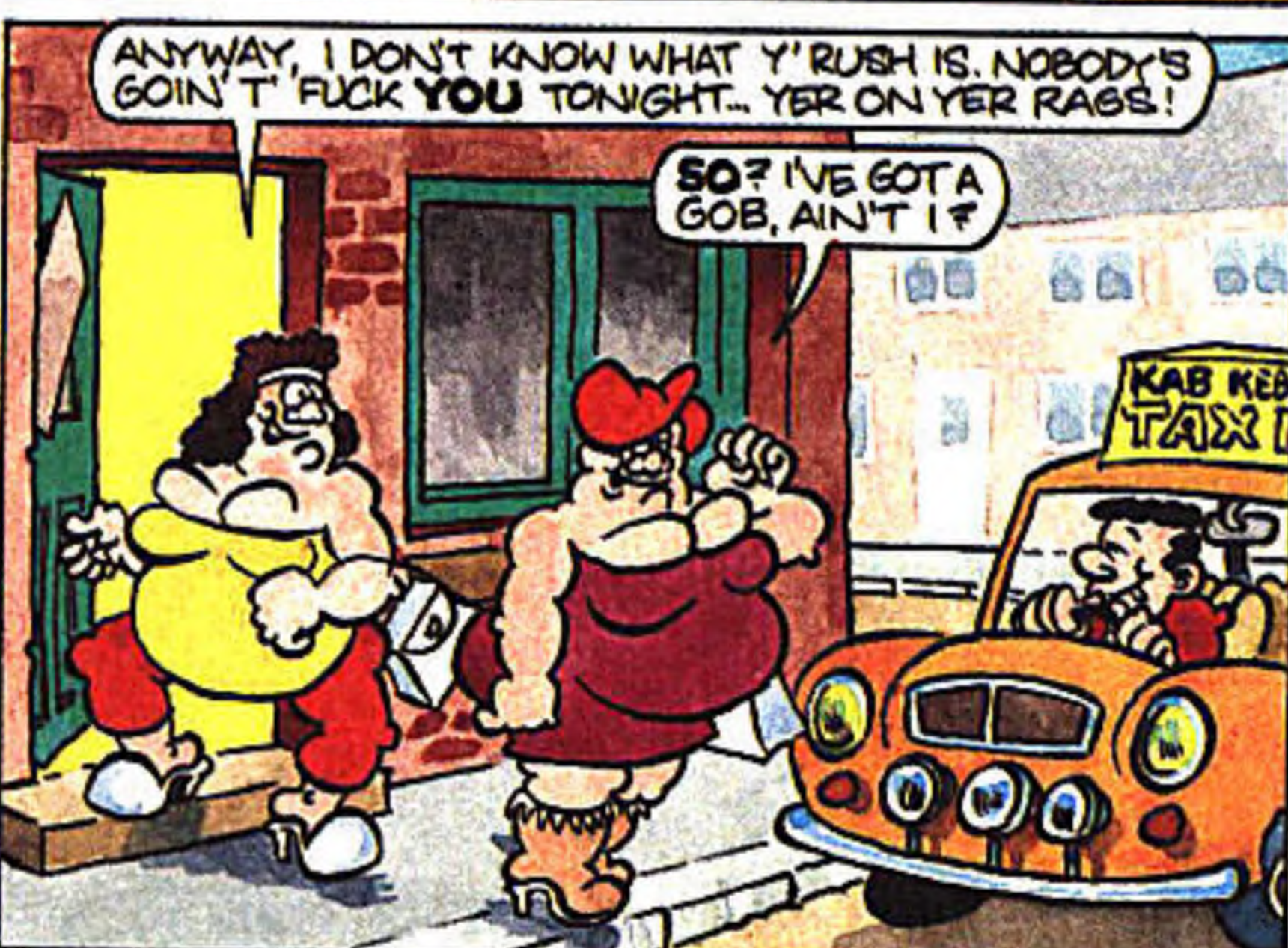
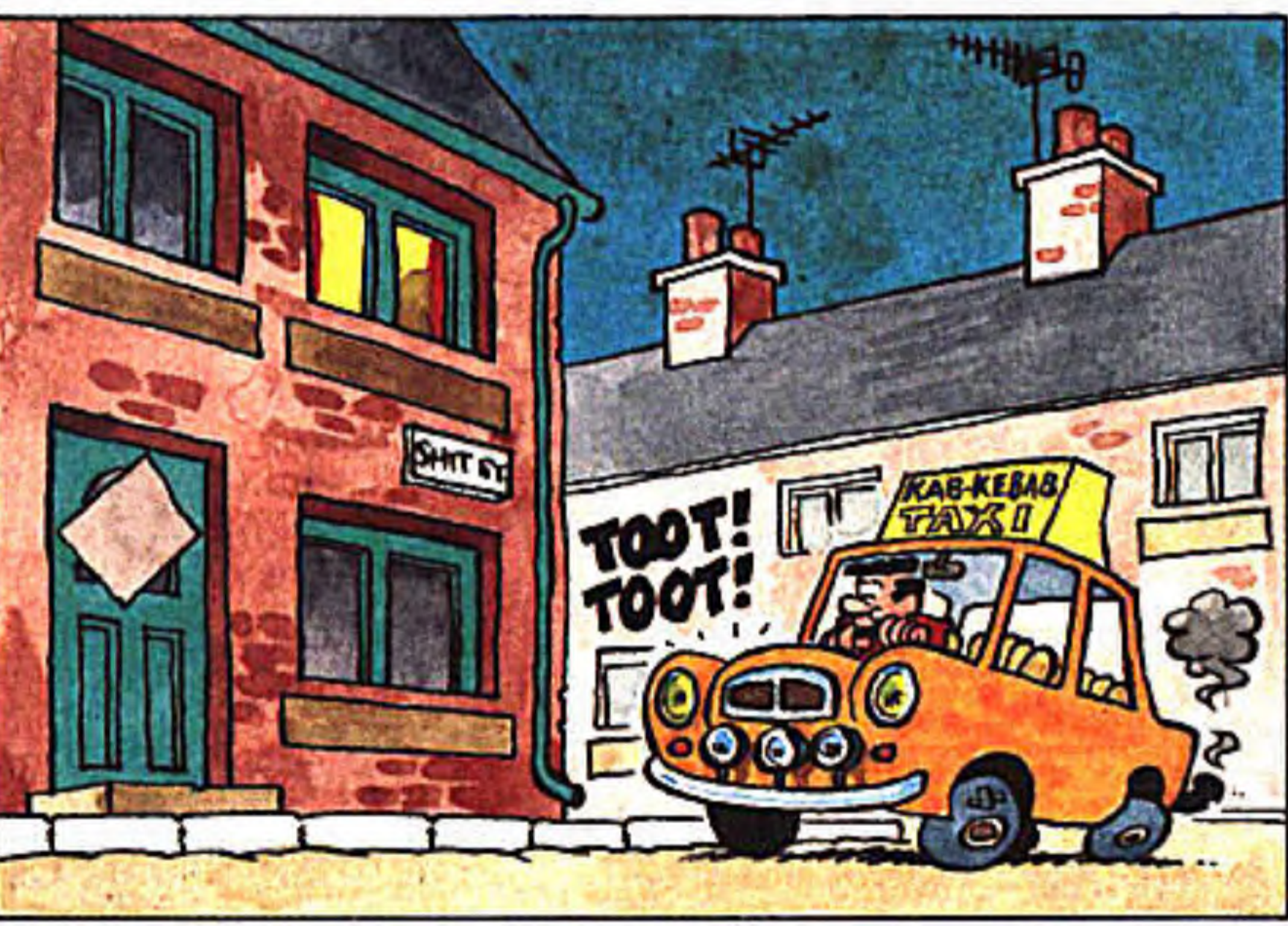
IVAN JELICAL

PRASE HIM!





THE FAT SLAGS



the SEX DAD

TITS OUT FOR THE LADS

HOW SID, ARE YE COMIN' OOT?
WUZ ARE AALL OFF OOT FOR TO
CELEBRATE COZ JOE RECKONS
HE'S REMEMBERED HIS JOKE.

ERM, WELL, ACTUALLY I'M
WALKIN' OOT WI' A REALLY
FANCY LADY.

OH AYE?

AYE. SHE DOESN'T HALF GAN.
LAST TIME I TOOK 'ER OOT
SHE WAS SNIFFIN' ROOND ME
BOLLOCKS, MAN. I TELL YE
WHAT ELSE, SHE'S WORTH
A FORTUNE.

AYE.

TWO DWARFS, ONE ROOF
TWO DWARFS, ONE ROOF
TWO DWARFS, ONE ROOF

AYE, AN' I HEAR SHE
LOVES IT DOGGY STYLE!

LATER...

AND IN TRAP No. 6 "FANCY
LADY", OWNED AND TRAINED
BY SHORTY McDEE.

MEANWHILE...

WHAT A SMASHIN' IDEA, EH?
COMIN' TO THE DOGS. PITY SID
NEVER COME OOT. HE'LL HAVE
HIS HANDS FULL MIND!

TURNSTILES

TWO DWARFS, ONE ROOF... ERM... AS A VICAR

REET. I'VE GOT A SYSTEM. IT
CANNAT FAIL. I'M PUTTIN' ME
MONEY ON THE FORST DOG TO
DROP ITS FUDGE, 'COZ IT'LL
BE A COUPLE O' ROOND LIGHTER.
IT'S SCIENTIFIC MAN.

WELL, WHY DIVVENT YE PUT IT ON
THAT ONE, IT'S HAVIN' A SHITE NOO.

AYE THAT ONE WHAT'S
WITH THE BLURK WHAT
LOOKS LIKE SID.

WHAAAAH! HAH! HAH! HA!
HEH! HEH! HEH!

WHAY-HEY! FANCY
FUCKIN' LADY INDEED!

HE AALWEZ
GETS DOGS,
BUT THEY'VE
USUALLY GOT
TWO LEGS!

SID'S NEW
BORD'S A
FUCKIN'
HOOND!

AYE. I HORD
SHE'S A
REET FUCKIN'
BITCH!

FUCK OFF! FUCK OFF!
LEAVE US ALAIRN!
I'M ONLY DEEIN' THIS
FOR ME MATE!... I'M
SEEIN' THE BORD LATER!
... HONEST MAN!

HOW SID! SHE'S AN IMPROVEMENT
ON THAT ONE YE CHATTED UP LAST
WEEK, EH? HA! HA! HA! HA!

AYE. BUT NOT
AS HAIRY!

SQUICH!

WRENCH!

SHORTLY...

GET YERSEL' IN
THERE AN' GET FIXED UP
SIDNEY. WE'LL PICK YE UP
LATER, WE'RE GANNIN' TU
THE BAR.

ACCIDENT
AND
EMERGENCY

TEE HEE!

SWIGGER!

SO, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

I THINK I'VE BUST ME ANKLE.
I FELT NOWT MIND. I'M ROCK.

THROB!

AND HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

ERM... I SLIPPED... IN
... SORT OF TROD... ERM,
THERE WAS THIS BIG...

... PARACHUTIN', AYE, SEE
ME CHUTE NEVER URPENED.

OKAY. THIRD
CUBICLE ON
THE LEFT.

ONE, TWO, THREE,
AYE, THIS UN.

OOH DOCTOR
AT LAST.

DOCTOR?
I'M NOT A...

IT'S MY BREASTS. I'VE FALLEN
AWKWARDLY AND HURT THEM.
COULD YOU CHECK THEM FOR
DAMAGE, PLEASE.

UMPH!

TREMBLE!

TREMBLE!

DO THEY FEEL ALL RIGHT
THEN DOCTOR?

GUMPH! AYE... FUCKIN'
SMASHIN'!

HELLO GRIPPER, LOVE. IT'S
OKAY, THE DOCTOR HAS HAD
A GOOD FEEL OF THEM AND
HE SAYS THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY FINE.

mmmmh.

UH?

UGH!?

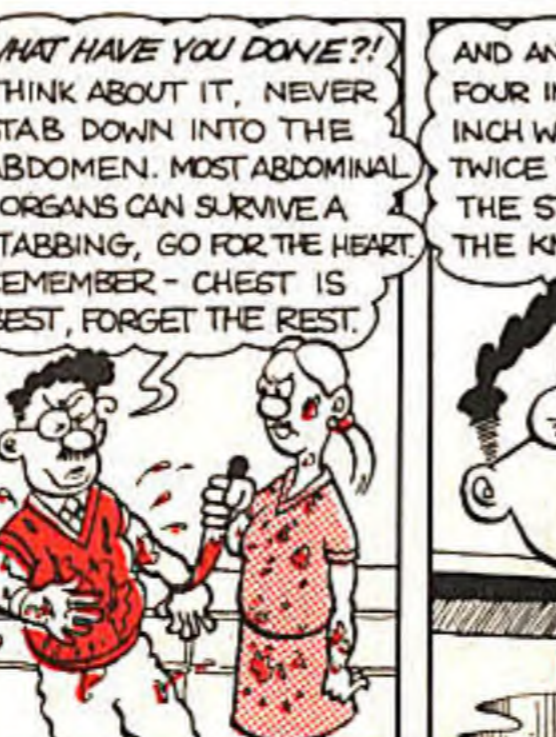
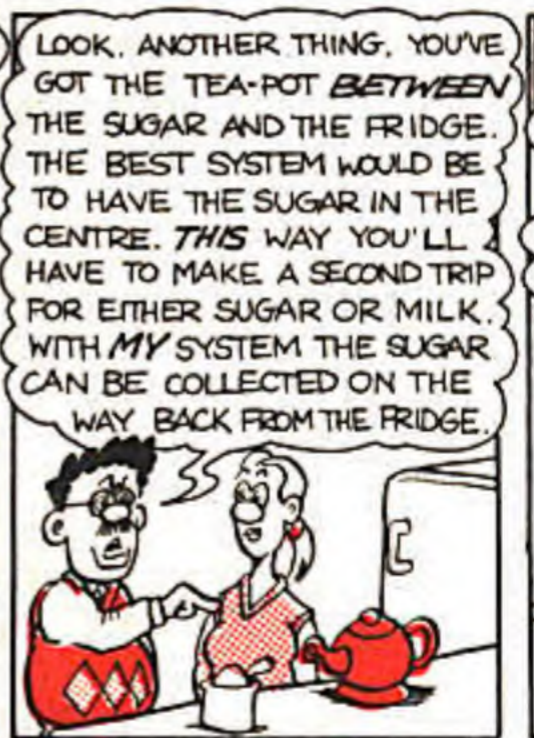
BROUGH
PARK
GREYHOUND
STADIUM

10 MINUTES LATER...

AYE LOVE. PARACHUTIN' AGAIN.
CHUTE STUCK, LANDED IN A
SCRAPYARD, SEE.

Simon Lotion

TIME AND MOTION MAN



ROGER IRRELEVANT

ROGER IS HELPING THE GARDEN SHED
GIVE BIRTH

THAT'S IT, BEATRICE,
BREATHE WITH ME

WHUF
WHUF
WHUF

BRING HOT WATER AND TOWELS -
THIS SHED IS BIG WITH MY CHILD!

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT, BEATRICE,
THAT OUR NIGHT OF PASSION ALL
THOSE MONTHS AGO WOULD'VE
BROUGHT FORTH THE FRUIT WHICH
NOW RIPENS IN YOUR DUSTY WOMB

DON'T BE SILLY, ROGER.
IT'S A SHED. IT HASN'T
GOT ANY FALLOPIAN TUBES,
LET ALONE A UTERUS

IT'S THE HORTICULTURAL
SHOW TOMORROW
AND WE WANT
TO PUT A GOOD
DISPLAY ON OUR
STALL

WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS
OUR VEGETABLES WILL
WIN A PRIZE

NEXT DAY

HORTICULTURAL SHOW

MUM, TELL ROGER TO STOP
TRYING TO DISCIPLINE
OUR PRODUCE

TCNOH! THESE RUNNER BEANS ARE
COWARDLY, FLABBY AND INEFFICIENT. BUT
UNDER MY COMMAND I CAN TRANSFORM
THEM INTO A CRACK FORCE OF
LEGUMINOUS FIGHTING MACHINES

STRAIGHTEN YOUR POD WHEN I'M
ADDRESSING YOU, YOU
WRETCHED LITTLE
VEGETABLE

SPLAT

ROGER, STOP THAT! IF
YOU'RE BORED, YOU CAN HELP
MR WILLIS ON HIS REFRESHMENT STAND

50

THIS IS VERY KIND
OF YOU, ROGER

FRESHLY
SQUEEZED FRUIT JUICE

IF YOU COULD JUST "HOLD THE FORT"
WHILST I GO AND FETCH SOME
MORE ORANGES

A GLASS OF GRAPEFRUIT
JUICE, PLEASE

I'M AFRAID YOU MUST PREPARE
YOURSELF FOR SOME BAD NEWS,
MRS NEGAS

MRS NEGAS? BUT I'M NOT MARRIED,
AND ANYWAY, MY NAME IS SMITH

I'M SORRY MRS NEGAS, BUT I'M AFRAID
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO AMPUTATE
YOUR SON'S FACE. IT'S ROUND AND IT'S
CORRUGATED AND IT HAS TO BE
REMOVED IMMEDIATELY

I'LL HAVE A
GLASS OF -
BADGER'S MINGE
IN A FRIDGE

OH, ER, HAVEN'T
YOU ANY ORANGE
JUICE?

NEVER MIND ORANGE JUICE.
I NEED TO GET MY SON'S
FACE AMPUTATED, AND I
HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A SON.
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

OH, GO ON THEN. I'LL TRY
THE BADGER'S MINGE

DO YOU THINK I
COULD ADOPT A SON
AND REMOVE HIS
FACE?

SHORTLY

HERE COMES THE
MAYOR TO JUDGE
THE DISPLAYS

HM, YES, MOST
IMPRESSIVE

YES, I BELIEVE THIS
IS THE BEST VEGETABLE
DISPLAY

IT GIVES ME GREAT
PLEASURE TO PRESE-

WIBBLE WIBBLE
DENIS NORDEN'S
FAVOURITE WHORE

OH DEAR. OH DEAR
ME, NO!

I COULDN'T POSSIBLY GIVE FIRST
PRIZE TO PEOPLE WHO SAY
"WIBBLE WIBBLE DENIS NORDEN'S
FAVOURITE WHORE". IT WOULD
MAKE A MOCKERY OF THE
WHOLE EVENT

DAROOBER
DAROOBER

IT IS THE MAYOR -
HE'S DEAD

YES. HE WAS FATALLY ALLERGIC
TO SHELLFISH, AND THAT CRAB
SIMPLY DID FOR HIM

WELL DONE YOUNG MAN! I'M THE
DEPUTY MAYOR AND I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR HIM TO CROAK SO
THAT I COULD FILL HIS POSITION

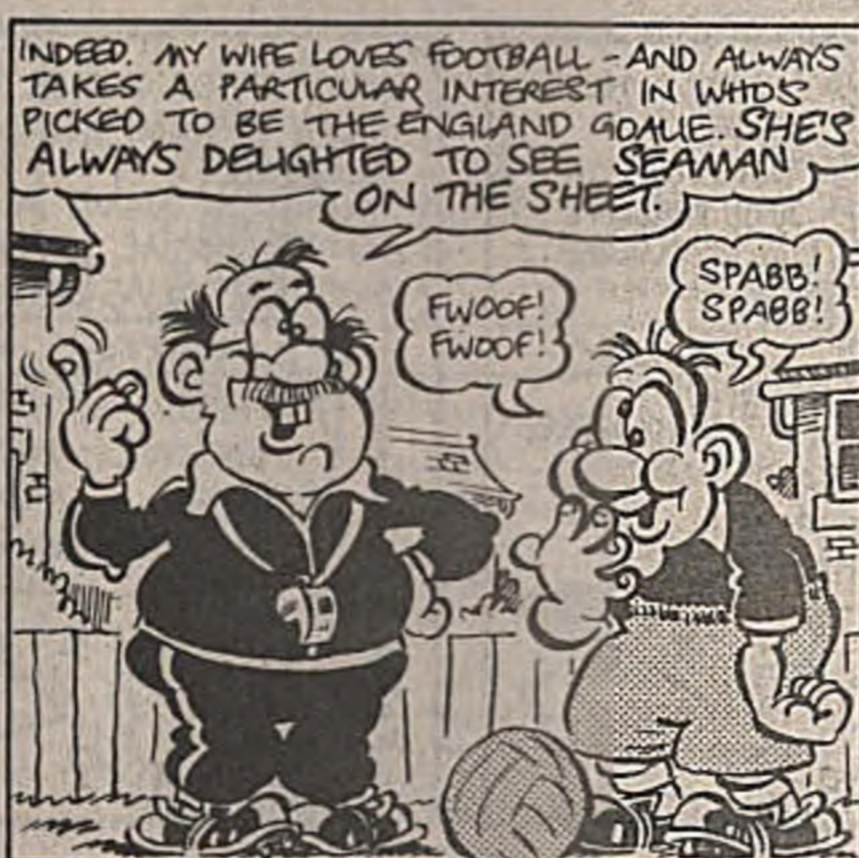
HEY, I'M THE MAYOR, ME!
LOOK AT MY BIG SHINY CHAIN,
EVERYBODY!

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS FIRST PRIZE
TROPHY FOR YOUR VEGETABLES,
AS A REWARD

GLIBBIT

Finbar Saunders & his Double Entendres

apologies for this page, the print was like this





THE CRITICS



SO GLAD YOU COULD SEE US, JES... WE'VE GOT THE MOST EXCITING NEW CONCEPT FOR CHANNEL 4'S AUGUST ARTS PROGRAMMING...

DRAUGHT AND BOTTLED WATERS FROM £5
TODAY'S SPECIAL:
RAW RUMBLE BEEHIVE
AU NATURELLE £10.75

WELL, IT'S A BIT SHORT NOTICE... THE SCHEDULES ARE PRETTY WELL ALL FIXED MONTHS AGO, NATASHA...

A FASCINATING PIECE OF NEO-FUNCTIONALIST SCULPTURE, ALMOST INVITING ONE TO LITERALLY SIT ON IT

SLINGING CAFE & WINE BAR

AH YES, BUT I BET YOUR ARTS COVERAGE IS ALL CENTRED ON THE SCENE HERE IN LONDON...

LONDON'S DEAD ARTS-WISE! IT GETS ALL THE MEDIA ATTENTION BUT IT'S JUST THE SAME OLD SELF-IMPORTANT MIDDLE-CLASS STUFF, SAFE AND PREDICTABLE...

THE REALLY INTERESTING THINGS ARE ALL HAPPENING IN THE PROVINCES... UP NORTH, OR IN SCOTLAND, FOR INSTANCE...

DON'T TELL ME... YOU WANT TO GO AND COVER THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL...

EXACTLY!... ALL WE'LL NEED IS A CAMERA CREW, PRESS PASSES A GOOD CENTRAL VENUE AND...

NOW HANG ON... WE'RE ALREADY PLANNING TO COVER EDINBURGH IN OUR REGULAR ARTS PROGRAMMES...

BUT WE'D BE ACTUALLY ON THE SPOT... RIGHT AT THE CREATIVE EPICENTRE OF THE FRINGE FESTIVAL...

CRISPIN AND I WOULD HUNT OUT THE BEST NEW AND EXCITING PERFORMANCES ON THE FRINGE AND PRESENT THEM IN A LIVE SHOWCASE FORMAT AT THE END OF EACH WEEK...

WE'D BE SHOWING PREVIOUSLY UNDISCOVERED AVANT-GARDE WORK... IT'D BE A REAL SCOOP FOR CHANNEL 4...

HMM... WELL MAYBE I CAN CLEAR A SPACE IN THE SCHEDULES...

MIND, I WANT REALLY CONTROVERSIAL STUFF... NOTHING TAME OR BORING...

NO WORRIES... YOU KNOW US, JES... 'FRINGE FOCUS LIVE' WILL BE IRREVERENT, DANGEROUS AND RIGHT ON THE EDGE!

ONE IS CONVEYED PAST A SERIES OF WHITE, ALMOST GASEOUS STRUCTURES, MASSIVE IN SCALE YET MOVINGLY FRAGILE... AS IF THE ARTIST IS USING THE VERY TRANSCIENCE OF HIS NATURAL MATERIALS TO MAKE A STATEMENT ON THE ILLUSION OF POWER IN SOCIETY... NATASHA...



SURELY A MAJOR PIECE OF GOLDSWORTHIAN NATURAL ART, CRISPIN...

HOW REFRESHING TO BE AWAY FROM LONDON WITH ALL ITS PATRONISING SOUTHERN ATTITUDES...

YES... EDINBURGH'S SUCH A VIBRANT LITTLE CITY... THEY'VE DONE SO WELL TO KEEP THE ARTS GOING UP THERE... NOW WE MUST REMEMBER NOT TO DRINK THE WATER WITHOUT BOILING IT...

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE TELEPHONES, OR WILL I NEED MY MOBILE?

Shortly...

THEATRE VENUE 98

IF ONE LOOKS CAREFULLY, ONE CAN FIND ART HAPPENING ALL OVER THE CITY, SUCH AS THIS WONDERFUL INSTALLATION OF SWISTER BLACK PARCELS...

...OR THESE STRANGE FOREIGN-LANGUAGE STREET-THEATRE PERFORMERS...

MIND YOURSELF NOO, HEN... A'M NEEDING TAE GET TAE THOSE BAGS, YE KEN...

EDINBURGH CITY COUNCIL REFUSE COLLECT

NOW, WE'VE GOT A WEEK TO IMMERSE OURSELVES IN ALL THIS CULTURE AND FIND THE BEST ACTS FOR OUR FIRST SHOW...



A week later...

ALL SET?... WE'RE ON AIR IN TWO MINUTES...

GREAT... THE FIRST ACT'S ALL READY TO PLAY US IN....

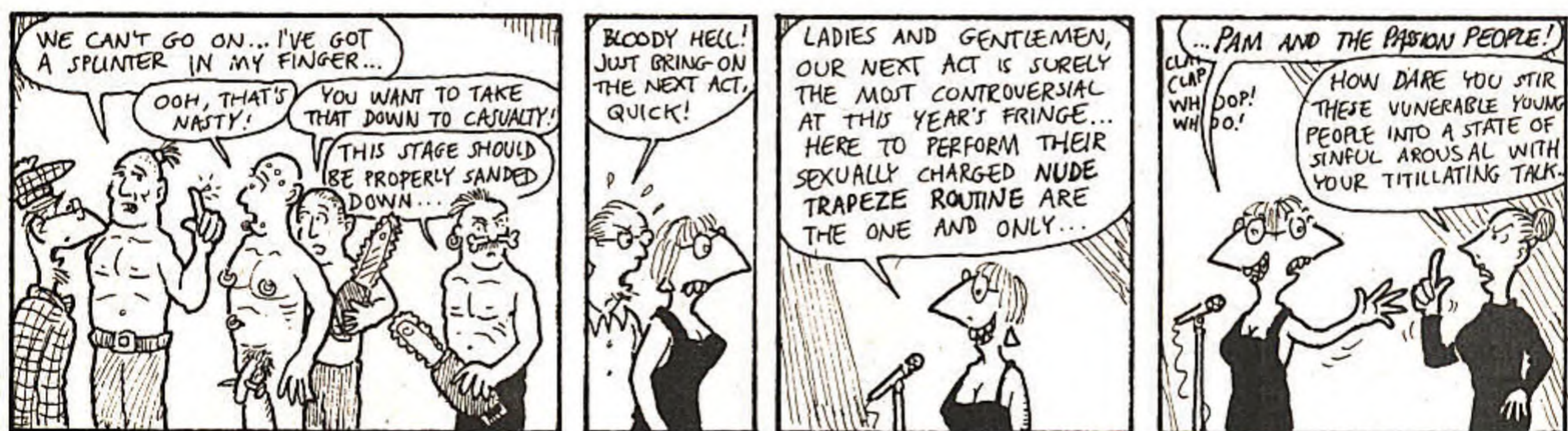
THESE ARE TWO PERFORMERS FROM A HAPPENING WE FOUND UP AT THE CASTLE...

A HAPPENING?

YEAH! IT WAS AMAZING! HUNDREDS OF STRANGELY CROSS-DRESSED MEN PLAYING BIZARRE, DISCHORDANT MUSIC... SYMBOLIC BATTLES BEING RE-ENACTED... INCREDIBLE CHOREOGRAPHY!

THE FRANTIC DANCING OF THE CHILD, JUXTAPOSED WITH THE HOMO-EROTIC MILITARISTIC BRUTALITY OF THE MUSICIAN, HAS AN ALMOST FOLK-LIKE PRIMITIVE FEEL TO IT...





MEDDLESOME

RATBAG

THERE YOU GO, LOVE. THAT'S GOT YOUR ROCKERY ALL SHIFTED INTO PLACE



OH, THANK YOU MR BATES. I COULD NEVER HAVE MANAGED IT MYSELF

PLEASE ACCEPT A FEW POUNDS FOR ALL YOUR TROUBLE



TWITCH OF CURTAINS
THERE'S REALLY NO NEED MISS TIBBS. BUT THANKS. THAT'S VERY THOUGHTFUL

NEXT DOOR
GOT HIM! ACCORDING TO MY DOSSIER ON MR BATES, HE IS REGISTERED UNEMPLOYED AND CLAIMING INCOME SUPPORT



CLICK
AND YET HERE HE IS, BEING PAID FOR WORK BY MISS TIBBS, IN CLEAR BREACH OF THE DEPT. OF SOCIAL SECURITY REGULATIONS

I'M NOT ONE FOR TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. BUT I'M A TAXPAYER. I KNOW MY CIVIC DUTIES



HELLO? IS THAT THE DSS? I'D LIKE TO REPORT A WELFARE SCROUNGER.

LATER. TSK. THE JENSONS ACROSS THE STREET ARE HAVING ANOTHER DOMESTIC ARGUMENT. IT'S DOWN TO OLD MUGGINS HERE TO SAVE THEIR MARRIAGE AGAIN



WHO ARE YOU CALLING A WHORF?
CRASH!
BANG!
LUCKY FOR THEM I INSTALLED A BUGGING DEVICE IN THEIR HOUSE. BUT DO I GET ANY THANKS? DO I HECKERS!

SO, ACROSS THE STREET... NOW THIS MAY NOT BE VERY "FASHIONABLE" OR "POLITICALLY CORRECT"



BUT I REMEMBER WHEN MARRIAGE USED TO MEAN SOMETHING. "TILL DEATH US DO PART". THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS.

NEVER MIND THESE FLY-BY-NIGHT DIVORCES, IF YOU PLEASE



SLAM!
LIFE SHOULD MEAN LIFE. THEY SHOULD LOCK THEM UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY. FEED THEM ON BREAD AND WATER, I SAY.

MIND, IT'S THE CHILDREN I'M WORRIED ABOUT. I'M ENTITLED TO MY OPINION. I'M A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL TRUST, ME.



CRACKLE:
VERA GOBSHITE CALLING EDITH RATBAG. COME IN, EDITH

READING YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, VERA



ROAD ACCIDENT ON MAYFIELD AVENUE. VICTIM CRITICALLY INJURED. POTENTIAL FATALITY
I'M ON MY WAY, VERA. OVER AND OUT

AND SHORTLY



EEH!
LOOK AT THAT!
OOH!
DREADFUL!
LET US THROUGH PLEASE, LADIES. WE'RE THE AMBULANCE CREW
GROAN.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER



PLEASE... LADIES... LET US THROUGH TO THE PATIENT...
EEH!
OOH!
SHOCKING!
LOOK AT THAT!
GROAN COUGH

EVENUALLY



TSK. THESE ROAD ACCIDENTS ARE AN OUTRAGE
WE'RE TOO LATE. HE'S DEAD
I SHALL WRITE A STERN LETTER TO THE FULCHESTER GAZETTE, DEMANDING THAT SOMETHING BE DONE

LATER



AHA! A HOUSE FOR SALE
FOR SALE
THIS COULD BE WORTH HAVING A LOOK ROUND

MUM. A LADY WANTS TO VIEW THE HOUSE



OOH, GOOD
I CAN SHOW MYSELF AROUND, THANK YOU VERY MUCH

I'LL TAKE THAT LADY A CUP OF TEA WHILE SHE LOOKS THE PLACE OVER



I SAW HER GOING INTO MY ROOM A FEW MINUTES AGO, MUM



RATBAG
GASP!
I'VE SEARCHED YOUR SON'S BEDROOM FOR DRUGS, AND YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW I DIDN'T FIND ANY AT ALL...

...HOWEVER MY CLOSE FORENSIC ANALYSIS OF THESE USED TISSUES FOUND NEAR THE BED SUGGESTS THAT HE HAS BEEN MANIPULATING HIMSELF...



"DOWN BELOW!"

NOW I'M NOT ONE TO PRY. I DON'T WANT TO SPEAK OUT OF TURN



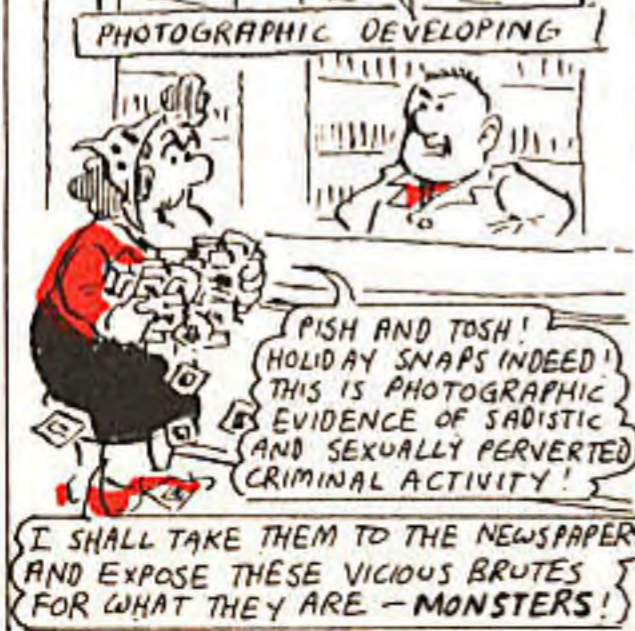
BUT YOUR SON'S DEPRAVITY CLEARLY SHOWS THAT YOU HAVE FAILED AS A PARENT

LATER AGAIN



WELLIES the CHEMISTS
PHOTO DEVELOPING HERE

MRS RATBAG, I'VE WARNED YOU BEFORE ABOUT CONFISCATING ALL OUR CUSTOMERS' HOLIDAY SNAPS



PHOTOGRAPHIC DEVELOPING
PISH AND TOSH! HOLIDAY SNAPS INDEED! THIS IS PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF SADISTIC AND SEXUALLY PERVERTED CRIMINAL ACTIVITY!
I SHALL TAKE THEM TO THE NEWSPAPERS AND EXPOSE THESE VICIOUS BRUTES FOR WHAT THEY ARE - MONSTERS!

(SIGH) WELL, WHILE YOU'RE HERE, YOU MAY AS WELL COLLECT YOUR OWN PHOTOS, WHICH YOU BROUGHT IN FOR DEVELOPING YESTERDAY



ATTENTION: PLOT DEVICE IN PROGRESS

AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES
I'M SURE WE'LL FIND A JUICY STORY SOMEWHERE IN THIS LOT, MRS RATBAG



FLUTTER OUT OF CARDIGAN POCKET!
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SCANDAL, MIND, BUT THE PUBLIC HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT KIND OF ANIMALS LIVE IN OUR MIDST

THERE'S ONE HERE OF SOME REAL SOUR-FACED OLD BATTLEAXE, BOSS



THAT'LL DO. JUST INVENT SOME STORY TO GO WITH THE PICTURE

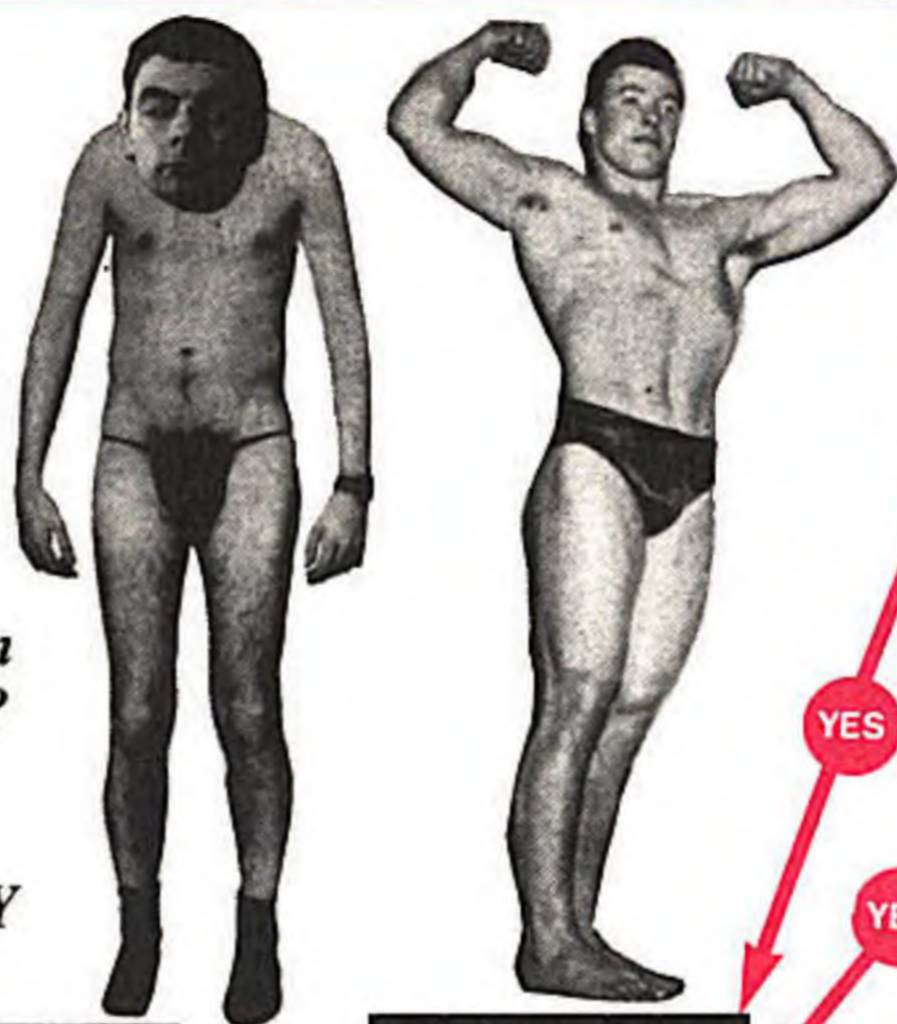
NEXT DAY



FULCHESTER GAZETTE
LOCAL WOMAN IN SATANIC FRENZY DOG-BUGGERING SCANDAL
THE FACE OF EVIL
MORE ON PAGES 2-6

THE LINE THAT CANNOT LIE

Are you a MAN or a MOUSE?



If someone kicks sand in your face at the beach would you go away and exercise till you could kick his head in?

NO

Could you make a fire by rubbing two sticks together?

NO

Could you make a fire by nibbling through the flex behind the fridge?

YES

Do you read pornographic magazines?

NO

Do you chew magazines into little bits then sleep in them?

YES

Did your grandfather die bravely in the Battle of the Somme?

NO

Was your grandfather teased to death by a tabby cat on the hearth rug?

YES

Do you cost about £1.50 from pet shops?

YES

Can you drink six pints of beer without going to the toilet?

YES

Do you own a socket set?

YES

Have you ever been chased by opposing football supporters?

NO

Have you ever been chased by an owl?

YES

Could you be dropped off the top of a ten storey building and land in long grass without being harmed?

YES

Are your ears on the side of your head?

NO

Is your life expectancy longer than two years?

NO

Are your turds about a quarter of an inch long and look like currants?

NO

Do you live in a wire house with a large treadmill on the wall?

NO

Do you prefer sawdust to carpets?

YES

Would you risk being cut in two for a small piece of cheese?

NO

Have you got little round, black shiny eyes perched like pin heads on the side of your face?

YES

As a child were you amazed by the world of science and discovery?

NO

Have you ever been dropped into a maze by a scientist?

YES

Have you got less than 5 children?

NO

Have you got more than 200 children?

NO

Has your wife ever eaten any of them?

NO

Have you ever bitten a copper's ear off in a pub car park?

NO

Have you ever had a giant ear grafted onto your back in a laboratory?

NO

Are you scared of cats?

NO

Could you be squashed with a book?

NO

Does sex with your wife last less than twenty seconds?

NO

Does sex with your wife last between twenty and thirty seconds?

YES

If a big, fat American house maid saw you would she scream and jump onto a rickety stool, in her slippers?

NO

Have you ever had a fight in a chip shop?

NO

Have you ever had a fight over half a sunflower seed?

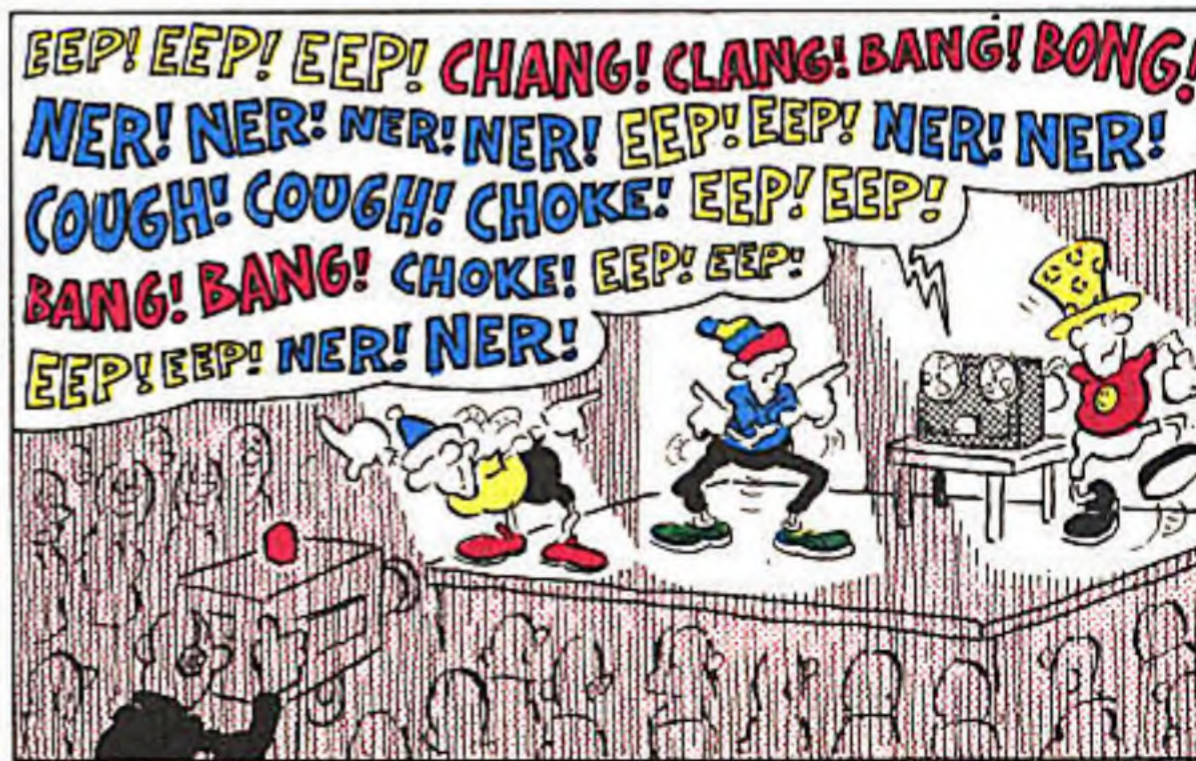
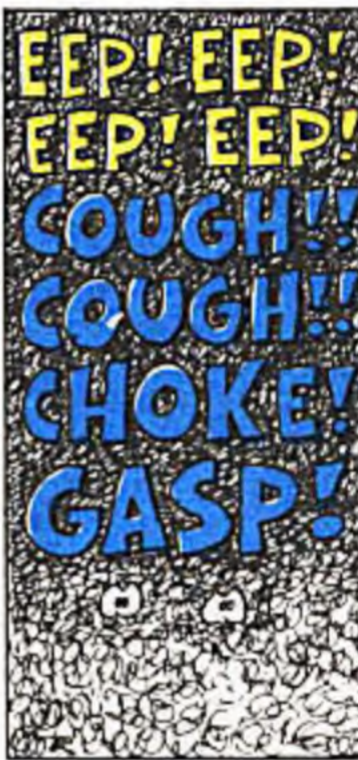
NO

Do you live behind the skirting board?

NO

Congratulations! You're a real MAN. You don't take no nonsense from nobody. You've got oil underneath your fingernails, and your feet stink. There's hair on your chest, and lead in your pencil. Curry, coppers and lager hold no fear for you. You walk tall, walk straight and look the world right in the eye. Just like your mother told you, when you was about knee high. She said "Son, be a proud man", etc. Lock up your daughters, because here you come!

Oh dear. There's no avoiding the painful truth. You really are a mouse. You're about two inches long and weigh three ounces. You think nothing of sleeping in a yoghurt carton. You shit on the floor and live behind the airing cupboard. You go into corn flakes packets through a hole in the bottom corner. With a brain the size of a match head you're never going to be a rocket scientist. And the chances are your wife is your sister. Or your mum.



WINNERS ISSUE 78

DOGS BOLLOCKS

(Five winners to receive one crate of beer each)

Mr S S Bell, Malton, North Yorkshire.
Paul Hexter, Wantage.
Jex Cole, Skelmersdale.
Paul Cox, Croydon.
Colin Barlow, Glossop.

DIVINE BROWN

(10 winners to receive a copy of the video)

Ian Yates, Clitheroe.
Neil MacDonald, Inverness.
R Miles, Edinburgh.
S Webb, Worthing.
Nigel Smith, Ashted.
M P Bates, Leicester.
D Longden, Hull.
D M Thomas, London.
Bill Thackray, Addington.
Dave Lawson, Maidenhead.

DIY CURRY KIT

David Shute, Purley.

PERNOD HEX

(Winner to receive carpet cleaner, scrubbing brush and signed football)

M S Glassey, Tyne & Wear.

Hoo-fucking-ray! A proper prize at last!

Win a dream week in sunny California!

AFTER years and years of crappy competitions at long last someone has splashed out on a half decent prize for us to give away.

To promote the release of **WATERWORLD** on video distributors CIC have given us a week long holiday for two, including return flights to Los Angeles, six nights accommodation in Hollywood, a visit to a movie studio and theme park, plus free car rental and travel insurance! All you have to do to win this prize is answer a few questions correctly. And all we have to do to make sure they hand the prize over, is plug their movie. So here goes.



No, it's not Juninho and his mates jet ski-ing at ICI Billingham. It's Kevin Costner saving the world.

Waterworld is THE greatest movie of all time, already having grossed £8.4 million at the British box office. (That's more than Heaven's Gate and Ishtar put together.) It was torpedoed by the critics, but what does Barry-fucking-Norman know about films anyway? Don't listen to that twat. Or your friends who've seen it. Take our word for it. Waterworld is GREAT. Honest. It's a water born, turbo charged, action packed, thrill-a-minute, Loch Ness monster of a movie, starring Kevin Costner as a sort of drippy Mad Max come 24 hour plumber who's called out to save the world after a particularly bad flood. It's a movie packed from start to finish with bank... sorry, ground breaking special effects and heart pounding action sequences.

Co-star Dennis Hopper (Speed, Blue Velvet) plays the baddie, while Jeanne Tripplehorn (Basic Instinct, The Firm) provides a bit of romantic interest, and Tina Majorino (Andre, When A Man Loves A Woman) is a little girl. It's directed by Kevin Reynolds of Robin Hood Prince of Thieves fame. It could be said that the sum of the movie's parts are a

lot greater than the plug hole down which it disappeared, but that would be unfair. Waterworld is a Titanic movie capable of rising above the sort of cheap criticism that has been universally showered upon it. In years to come it will be judged a classic, and those of you wise enough to buy it on video, priced just £14.99 from a shop near YOU, will have the last laugh.

To win our bumper holiday prize simply answer these action packed, sea faring, naval based questions.

1. Who, in the course of looking for a fight, sped in a bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, over the sea to Skye?
(a) Bonnie Prince Charlie
(b) Bonnie and Clyde
(c) Bonnie Langford
2. Who was the Roman God of the Sea?
(a) Neptune
(b) Pluto
(c) Goofy
3. Who was the Greek God of the Sea?
(a) Titanic
(b) Lucitania
(c) Poseidon
4. What got scuttled at Scapa Flow?

- (a) Coal
(b) Fergie
(c) The German navy

5. What is Sir Francis Drake reported to have said when told that the Spanish Armada had set sail for England?

- (a) "We'll fight them on the beaches."
(b) "There's plenty of time to win this game, and to thrash the Spaniards too."
(c) "Kiss me, Hardy"

6. What was the one legged pirate called in Treasure Island?

- (a) Long John Baldry
(b) Long John Silver
(c) John Wayne Big Leggy

7. Who wrote Treasure Island?

- (a) Enid Blyton
(b) Robert Louis Stephenson
(c) George Stephenson

8. Which clapped out old battleship did clapped out old battleaxe Margaret Thatcher first of all sell to the Argentineans, and then promptly blow out of the water during the Falklands war whilst it was outside the British naval exclusion zone and heading back towards Argentina?

- (a) The Belgrano
(b) The Belafonte
(c) The Bella Lugosi

9. What was the name of the pirate radio ship on which Tony Blackburn launched his disc jockeying career?

- (a) The Jolly Roger
(b) The Caroline
(c) The Galaxy

10. Who wrote the Pirates of Penzance?



- (a) Gilbert O'Sullivan
(b) Gilbert and Sullivan
(c) Ronnie O'Sullivan

11. War like sea faring Scandinavian yobos the Vikings had big horns on their helmets, and in their trousers too by all accounts. But what sort of ships did they have?

- (a) Short ships
(b) Long ships
(c) Medium sized ships

12. Like the movie Waterworld, the Mary Rose sank shortly after being launched. When the wreck was recovered hundreds of years later, which former TV vet was given the job of testing the Tudor longbows which were salvaged from the ship?

- (a) Christopher Timothy
(b) Robert Hardy
(c) Peter Davison

Send your answers on a postcard marked 'Waterworld' to the usual address to arrive by 13th September 1996 at the latest. The winner will also receive a free camera from us so they can send us back some holiday snaps. We'll also try and scrounge six copies of the video off CIC to give to the runners up.

HOW TO ENTER

Send your answers on a postcard together with the name of the competition plus your own name and address, to **Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1PT** by the closing dates indicated. Send separate cards for separate competitions. If entering more than one competition you should enclose separate entries in one envelope.

Are YOU a prize guys?

Have you got a product or an event you want to promote? A film, or a record, or a car, or some beer? More importantly, have you got a *worth-while* prize to offer our readers? A couple of cars perhaps, or a lifetime's supply of cheese. If you have, we'd love to hear from you. What we really want is *proper* prizes, like what other magazines have. So if you've got a house, or a large sum of money to give away, give us a shout today.

CALLING ALL COUCH POTATOES...

Win a nightmare weekend in windswept Caister!

IF you're reading this, you probably won't be interested in this competition. Because this is strictly for sad bastards whose eyes remain glued to their TV screens all day and all night.

Cult TV Weekend 1996 is a four day fiesta for freaks during which hundreds of obsessive couch potatoes wallow in a mire of TV muck. There's tu'penny ha'penny star guests, worthless TV awards, screenings, discos, quizzes, and of course the inevitable fancy dress ball. It's a giant, steaming TV turd of an event which attracts square eyed flies from all over the world to this dismal Norfolk resort.

In their defence Cult TV claims to be an appreciation of quality TV shows (Oh yeah, like Blakes 7?) from the past fifty years. The convention takes place at the Haven holiday camp, Caister, between Friday 26th and Monday 28th October, and admission costs £39. For an extra £85 you can stay at the camp all weekend and use its indoor pool, jacuzzi, snooker tables and bars. But YOU could do that for FREE by simply answering our twelve TV questions. For three runners up there's a Cult TV T shirt, badge and pen. And five also rans will be fobbed off with various items of TV marketing junk. The questions are based on some of the stars who'll be appearing at the Cult TV Weekend.

1. Ed Bishop was a star of UFO. In that shittiest of shows, what did the initials S.H.A.D.O. stand for?
(a) Super Helium Atomic Detection Operative
(b) Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defence Operation
(c) Shitty Hairy Arsehole Dirtbox Owner

2. Former time traveller Colin Baker now restricts his journeying to tin pot TV conventions. Which fictitious planet did Dr Who come from?
(a) Gallifrey
(b) Galaxy
(c) Galileo (Galileo Galileo Figaro, Magnifico-oh-oh-



Ed Bishop out of UFO (the crap telly programme, not the crap band)

oh-No! No! No! No! No! Mamma mia, Mamma mia, Mamma mia let me go, Bee-elzebub, has a devil put aside for me-ee-ee, for mee-ee, for meeeeeeeeeee!!)

3. Matt Irvine was responsible for many of the monsters Dr Who encountered on his low budget time travels. Let's hope the example below - a sort of giant space moth with sunglasses - wasn't one of his. (It's even more pathetic when you consider that the man in the costume probably trained at RADA for several years, and would have told his mother to look out for him on Dr Who). Apart from 'shit', what was this terrifying monster called?

- (a) A Dalek
(b) A Mysteron
(c) A Menoptra



4. American star guest Gil Gerard is perhaps better known to TV viewers as Buck Rogers In The 25th Century. In that series, who did the voice of the robot?

- (a) Mel Brookes
(b) Mel Blanc
(c) Mel and Kim

5. Sue Lloyd appeared in the sixties series The Baron, a sort of Happy Shopper version of The Saint. What was The Baron's day job?

- (a) Jet age antique dealer
(b) Bronze age bicycle repair man
(c) Stone age landscape gardener



6. UFO's Ed Bishop is perhaps best known as the voice of Captain Blue in the puppet series Captain Scarlet. Only one of the following things could kill Captain Scarlet. Which one?

- (a) Cheese
(b) O.J. Simpson
(c) A toaster



Roger Moore out of The Saint

7. Producer John Goodman's impressive CV includes The Saint, The Persuaders, Danger UXB, Riley Ace of Spies and Minder. He's clearly a talented man and in big demand, so why he's spending a weekend in Caister surrounded by square eyed, crisp noshing, troglodyte wankers we'll never know. But he is. Who wrote the books upon which The Saint TV series was based?

- (a) Leslie Charteris
(b) Leslie Judd off Blue Peter
(c) Les McKeown out of the Bay City Rollers

8. Star Trek veteran Leonard Nimoy is still in work (doing voice-overs for fish documentaries mostly) and will therefore not be attending. But we had to have a Star Trek question, so what colour was Dr Spock's blood?

- (a) See through
(b) Green
(c) Glittery silver

9. Another US guest is former 'A' Team star Dirk Benedict, now very much a 'B' team actor. What was the name of his character in that classic piece of television drama The 'A' Team?

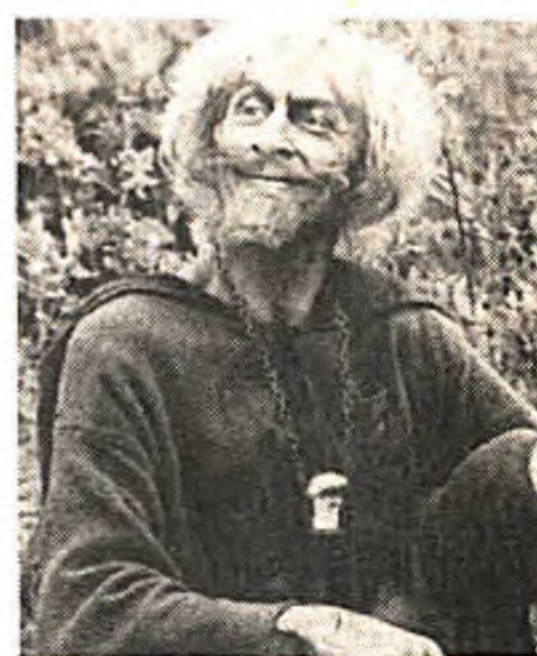
- (a) Face
(b) Arse
(c) Cock

10. Avengers star Linda Thorsen attended last year. Whether she enjoyed a weekend of being leered at by a holiday camp full of stinking, pastry coloured bearded weardies, most of whom were venturing out their bedrooms for the first time in a year, we do not

know. Suffice to say she won't be back this year. Anyway, in The Avengers, who did she play?

- (a) Tara King
(b) Jason King
(c) Ben E. King

11. When he's not strolling along the rain swept prom TV producer Richard Carpenter will be appearing at the convention. He produced and created Catweazle among other shows. What was Catweazle's toad called?



- (a) Touch stone
(b) Touch wood
(c) Touch cloth

12. Last, and quite possibly least, Katherine Leigh Scott holds a record for making 1,225 appearances in the sixties sci-fi series Dark Shadows. (No, we've not seen that one either). Her list of TV appearances is as long as it is unimpressive. Among the many lows was an appearance in the awful Jake And The Fatman. Which fat TV bastard beached his career by accepting the role of The Fatman in that series?

- (a) Danny Baker
(b) Jimmy Nail
(c) William Conrad

Send your answers on a postcard marked 'Cult TV' to our Viz address, to arrive by September 13th. If you would like to receive further details of the Cult TV Weekend send a stamped addressed envelope to: Cult TV (VZ), P.O. Box 1701, Peterborough, PE1 1EX. Finally, there's no consolation prizes for anyone planning to write in and tell us that it was Mr Spock in Star Trek, not Dr. You sad bastards.

Charlie PONTTOON

The MAN that MATTERS



How dare Germans call our cows mad? Cows may not be as clever as monkeys, but you don't need 'A' levels to be made into sausages. No doubt the Germans would have us eating foreign food if they had their way.

Well I've eaten foreign food, and paid the price. It's not a pleasant business.

The Germans should keep their mouths shut and stick to what they're good at - making cuckoo clocks.

So. Fat, bad mannered, American golfer John Daly has bought his own private jet. He tells us it is safer travelling by private plane than it is on public flights.

Try telling that to Buddy Holly.

I'm sick and tired of farmers who tell us they are over worked and under paid. What nonsense. If they cut their grass every weekend, like the rest of us, they wouldn't face such an enormous task when they eventually get round to doing it - about once a year, judging by the state of some of their farms.

An hour or so invested on a Sunday afternoon would save them weeks of messing around with tractors and combine harvesters.

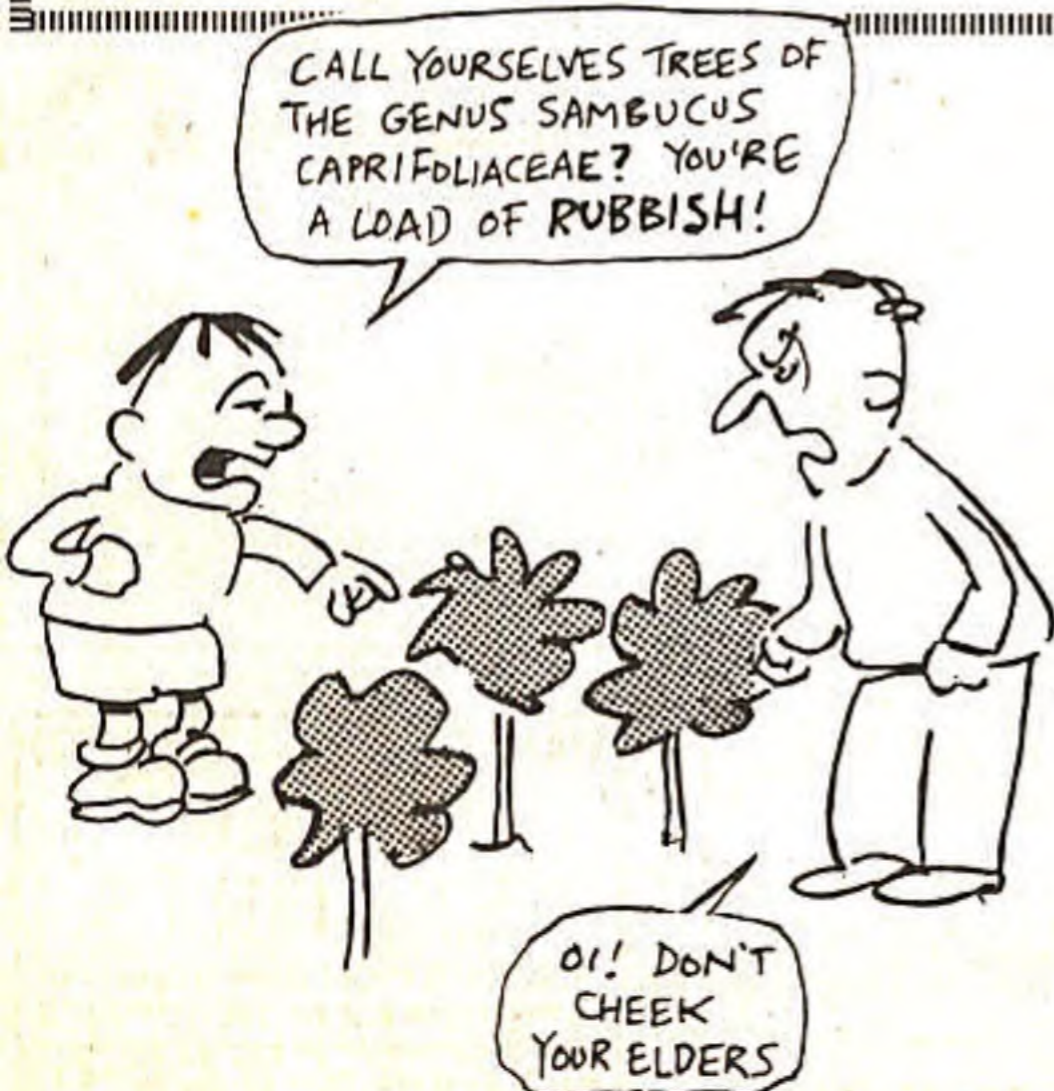
Is it any wonder cows go mad, having to live with these fat, lazy, ignorant people?

The so called 'experts' tell us that 'air quality' is getting worse because of the ozones. What will they think of next? *Well I went for a walk in my garden this morning and the air was perfectly alright.*

These ozone moaners are the same people who would have us living in tree houses instead of driving cars to work if they had their own way.

If these long haired layabouts can't breath properly, perhaps they should stop sticking drugs up their noses, and try doing a decent day's work for a change.

** The Man In The Pub has gone to the toilet and will be back in October.*



What a load of warlocks!

A leaked copy of the new Labour manifesto has provoked uproar in the Commons. The two page document was faxed anonymously to the office of Tory back bencher Sir Anthony Regents-Park who immediately branded it 'mumbo jumbo'. And he has attacked Labour's plans to use witchcraft and black magic as their main weapons in the battle against high inflation and unemployment.

NONSENSE

"It is a nonsense that a Labour government could seek to reduce public spending by using a hotch potch of spells and enchantments such as those outlined in this document", Sir Anthony told reporters yesterday.

POPPYCOCK

The document outlines Tony Blair's plans to use traditional mediaeval sorcery combined with Afro-Caribbean voodoo rituals to turn around the British economy in a matter of seconds, creating millions



of jobs, new houses, and better schools. Plans to wipe out NHS waiting lists using an incantation were branded "totally impractical" by Sir Anthony.

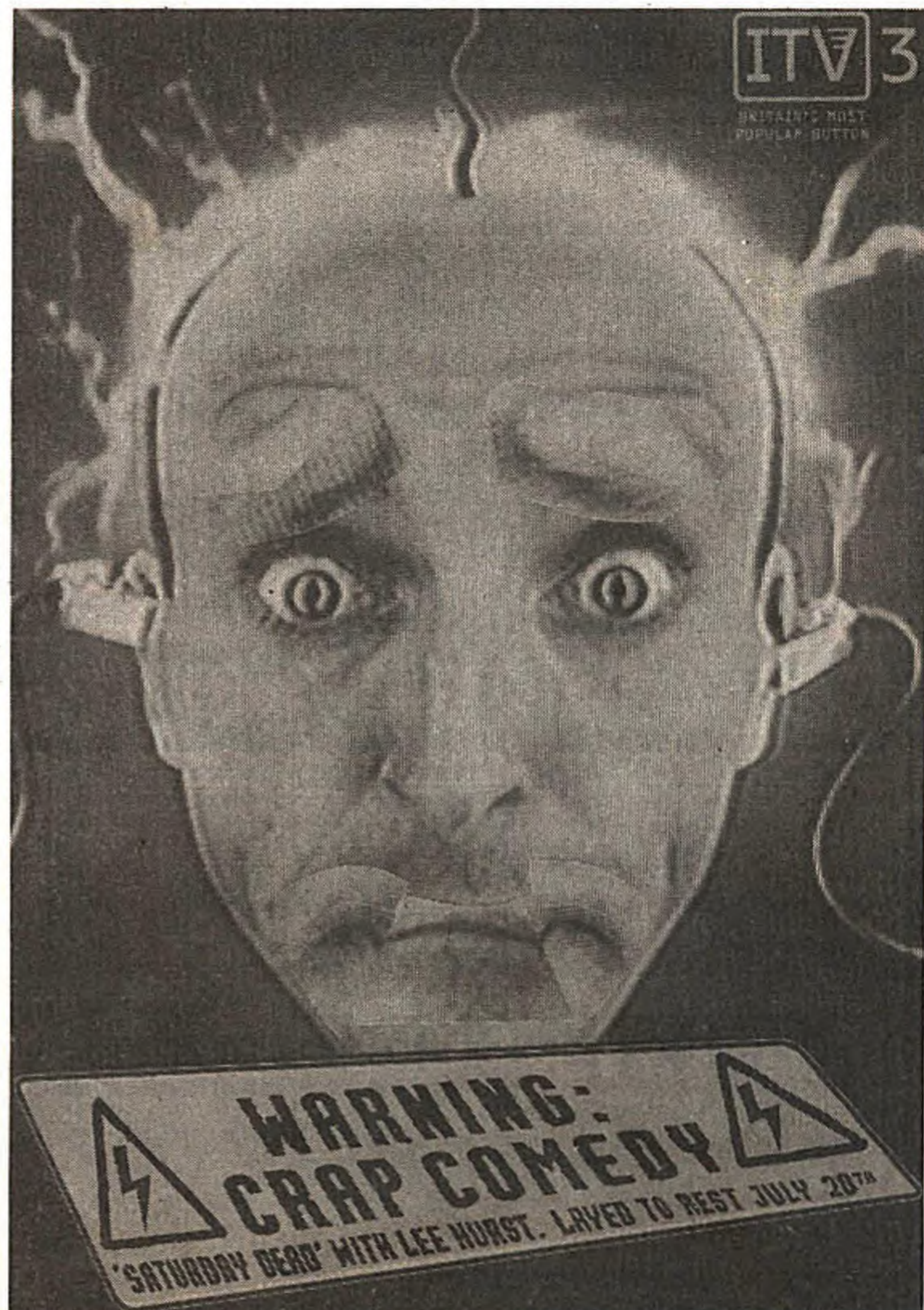
TULIPFANNY

Throughout the document, entitled 'Labra Cadabra! It's New Labour', party leader Tony

Blair is referred to as the 'Chief High Wizard of the Dark Power' and members of his cabinet as 'Sorcerers'. Among its main goals are the successful introduction of European monetary union and a peaceful solution to the political crisis in Northern Ireland. Mr Blair is quoted as saying that a spell could be cast upon our European colleagues which would cause them to agree with all of our arguments. And he suggests that a special potion could be brewed and sprinkled on the warring factions in Northern Ireland, bringing fighting to an end.

BLUEBELLMINGE

It was rumoured that the late Harold Wilson dabbled in the occult in a fruitless attempt to solve the bread strike of 1973, a claim which his widow Mrs Wilson, strongly denies.



Magna Carty

**Soap star's
fatal
attraction**



BBC CHIEFS have banned a leading EastEnders star from the set of the top TV soap after he became magnetic.

According to insiders Todd Carty, who plays Mark Fowler in the long running drama, began to attract metal objects last month, wreaking havoc on the set of the four times weekly soap.

HICCUP

"Filming schedules are so tight even the smallest hiccup can cause major problems", our source told us. "When Carty began to attract small metal objects during filming it became a nightmare. Two minute scenes were taking two days to shoot".

One brief scene in the Queen Vic pub where Carty walked in and said "hello" to landlady Peggy Mitchell, alias bubbly former Carry On actress Babs Windsor, took eight hours to film after a metal ash-tray began sliding along the bar towards him.

In another incident Carty caused damage to a video tape he was sitting next to and an entire scene had to be re-shot at considerable expense. Eventually bosses were forced to act when magnetic Carty turned up for work with paper clips stuck to his face. He has since been told to stay away from the EastEnders studios until his condition is cured.

COCK UP

If Carty remains magnetic his TV acting career would almost certainly be over. However there is a chance that he could still act at the North pole, because magnets don't work there.

Carty was last night stuck to his fridge door, and unable to answer the phone.

NEWS in a little BOX

Computer users faced severe delays yesterday after a lorry shed its load on the Information Superhighway, in the Silcon Valley just east of Swindon. The Internet was closed for six hours as a result of the accident.

HEAVEN'S ABOVE

Afterlife gossip with the late

Fanny Batter



After dying of liposuction in a top Beverly Hills clinic our regular Hollywood gossip columnist Fanny Batter now reports **EXCLUSIVELY** from Heaven.

★ Rumours of a romance between dead Doctor Who **Jon Pertwee** and **Marilyn Monroe** have spread after they were seen together at the exclusive **St. Pauls** restaurant in fashionable Heaven's Gate. Pals say the couple, who met at Jon's recent cloud warming party, are strictly 'just good friends'. *Don't you believe it!*

★ Get this! Word in Paradise is that rock god **Freddy Mercury** has gone *straight*. Sorry to disappoint you, fellas! So who's the lucky lady? None other than former TV dog trainer **Barbara Woodhouse**. Pals of the former wild man say Freddy is a reformed character. Could it be that Babs has finally got him house trained? *Watch this space!*

★ Hell raiser **River Phoenix** is in trouble again after angels were called out to the Cobra Club, his exclusive celebrity watering hole in Hell, after former EastEnders star **Pete Beal** was found slumped unconscious under a table. Last year **Sir Matt Busby** was found dead outside the club on two separate occasions after drinking potentially lethal cocktails of heroin and ambrosia.

★ Former King of Rock'n'Roll **Elvis Presley** has made a new fortune - *selling sewing machines!* Presley built his new business up from scratch after arriving in Heaven 20 years ago without a nickel to his name. Entrepreneur Elvis is now rumoured to be worth a cool \$500 million and has been linked romantically with a host of Heavenly bodies, most recently tragic tuna sandwich stunner **Momma Cass**.

★ "Hey you! Get off of my cloud!" That's what Rolling Stone **Brian Jones** has told dead fans who've been squatting in the grounds of his exclusive \$500,000 Heaven mansion. Elsewhere excited Stones fans queued overnight to buy tickets for a planned **Keith Richards** show in Paradise Park. But the star failed to show up, and thousands of dead butterflies due to be released at the gig died again.

★ Can you keep a secret? Word from **Fanny Craddock's** exclusive \$800 a head 'Cloud Nine' restaurant is that **H.R.H. The Queen Mother** is already booked in for her 100th birthday bash in the year 2000! But get this! Fireworks will fly when her own mum, **Queen Victoria**, discovers she's not on the guest list! According to dead royal insiders the Queen Mum disapproves of Victoria's current toy boy lover **John Wayne**.

Missing you already!

Fanny x

Get back on your feet from just £39*

It's everyone's nightmare. You're walking alone at night in an unfamiliar area and your shoes suddenly break down. What do you do? Attempt to repair them yourself? Abandon your footwear on the pavement and struggle home in your socks? Well, now there's a third option. National Shoe Breakdown rescue service.

Membership of **NATIONAL SHOE BREAKDOWN** entitles you to:

● **Pathside assistance.** Trained cobblers on call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Over 85% of breakdowns fixed on the spot whether its a loose heel, snapped lace, flapping sole or something in your shoe.

● **Complete cover,** even when you're wearing someone else's footwear. You're the member, not the shoes.

● **Priority** to members in vulnerable situations, such as lone women who have trod in a dog turd.

● **Relay service.** If the fault cannot be rectified on the pavement we'll get you and your shoes to your destination.

● **Replacement footwear.** If your shoes cannot be repaired within 24 hours, we'll provide courtesy flip flops for up to 7 days.

● **HOMESTART.** Can't find one of your slippers in the morning? Our qualified shoemsmiths will be round to look under the sofa, or retrieve it from the dog's mouth.



To join, call us now on
0000 994 388
Calls cost 95p per minute cheap rate

*£39 is the cost of standard cover which does not include RELAY or HOMESTART and may not apply to certain high performance shoes such as hand-stitched Italian pigskin brogues or crocodile loafers.

OH, FUCK! IT'S TERRY FUCKWITT

FUCK US! HE'S A FUCKWITTED FUCKWITT

WHERE THE HELL IS THAT FUCK-WITTED SON OF OURS? THIS CARTOON WAS DUE TO START TEN MINUTES AGO

MEANWHILE, NEXT DOOR...

MUNCH! CHOMP! SLURP!

AM NEY QUEEN?

ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT WOR CORNFLAKES?

I MIGHT BE, WHY? HAVE YEE GOT A PROBLEM, LIKE?

SMACK!

OOF!

AM NEY QUEEN?

TEK THAT!

OYAH!!

HAD ABOUT!

BAM!

AM NEY QUEEN?

BUT YEE ARE

FATHA... CAN YEE LIFT YA BOOT A BIT NEARER MUTHA'S MOOTH?

AN' MUTHA! CAN YEE HOOF FATHA IN THE BALLS FORRUZ

WHAT THE FUCK'S THIS, LIKE? TEKKN' PHURTURS?!

ARE YEE SOME KIND O PORVORT OR WHAAT?!

NAH, FATHA! A'M GANNA BE AN ARTIST. A'M DOCUMENTIN' ME GRITTY WORKIN' CLASS MILLEAU, IN THE FLY ON THE WAALL GENRE, USIN' THIS BOX BRONIE CAMERA WHAT I NICKED

NEY BAINR O'MINE IS GANNA BE A FUCKIN' PUFF ARTIST TEKKN' ARTY FARTY PICKCHAZ LIKE A FUCKIN' FAIRY

HAD ABOUT, FATHA! IF YA GANNA WEDGE US, I'D BETTA TEK A PICKCHA!

WALLOP!

FOOOOF!

CLICK!

LATER, AT A PONCEY ART GALLERY...

the **BULB**

VIEWING TODAY BIFFERIDGE BACON FAMILY ALBUM

YES, SUCH GRITTY REALISM. I CAN ALMOST SMELL THE PISS AND THE SQUALOR

A TELLING PORTRAIT OF PLEBIAN BRITAIN AND A CURIOUS JUXT-A-POSITION OF FORM AND CONTENT

YES, I WAS JUST GOING TO SAY THAT

YOUR SHOW IS A TRIUMPH, BIFFERIDGE. ANOTHER CAVIAR AND SWAN CANAPE?

AYE, I THINK I WILL

IT'S ALREET, THIS POSH NOSH

LATER, IN THE PUB...

A PINT OF LEMONADE AND PIMMS, PLEASE, BARMAN

AND WOULD YOU BE SO KANED AS TO HOY A SLACE OF FEKKIN' LEMON IN IT, PLEASE?

HOW, BIFFA, SON? Y'ALREET?

OH, NO. NOT YOU'S TWO PLEBS

FUCK OFF WILL YA. I'VE BETTERED MESEL'. A'M AN ARTIST. I DINVN'T WANT YEEZ SPOILIN' IT AAL FORRUZ

BUT BIFFA, MUTHA AN' MES ARTISTS AN AALL AREN'T WE MUTHA?

AYE, THAT'S REET, FATHA. IN FACT, WE'RE DEEIN' A PERFORMANCE REET NOO!

AYE, SON, IT'S OOT IN THE CAR PARK. COME AN' SEE!

OH, ALRIGHT THEN. I'LL CAST AN EYE OVER IT FOR YOU AND RENDER A PROFESSIONAL CRITIQUE

SMASHIN' SON

THIS WAY, SON

I'LL OFFER AN EMBONPOINT OR DENOUEMENT OF YOUR PIECE, IF YOU WILL

FASCINATING! THE EXPRESSION OF ANGER THROUGH SUDDEN PERCUSSIVE MOVEMENTS

YES, BIFFA'S HEAD REPRESENTS THE WORLD AND THEY VENT THEIR ANGER BY KICKING THE FUCK OUT OF IT WITH BIG BOOTS

BOOT!

OOF! OYAH!

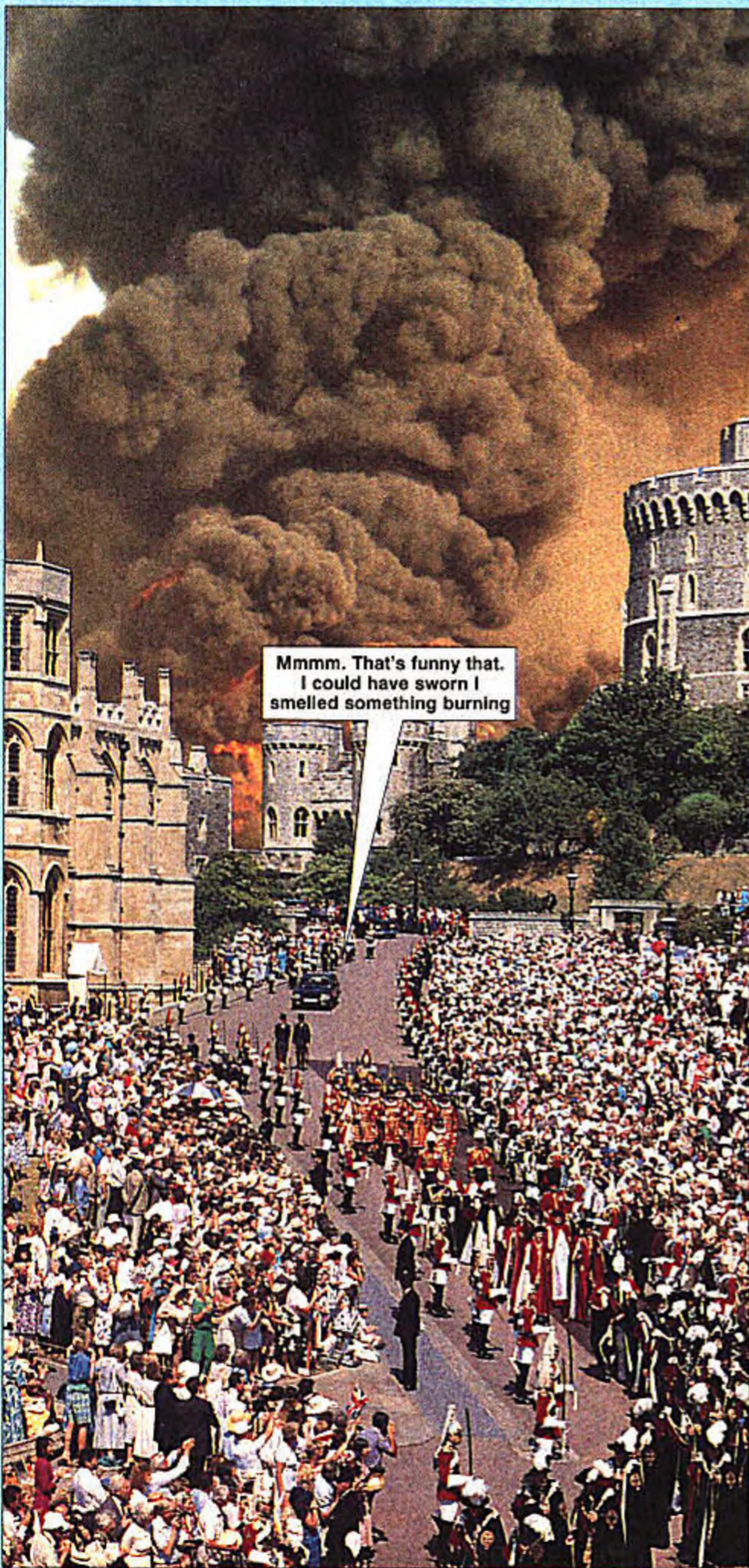
MUTHA & FATHA KICKIN' HEED IN

SPONSORED BY VISUAL ARTS '96

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FUCKWITT'S

AM I TOO LATE FOR MY CARTOON?

YES. IT'S FINISHED



But even as the Queen spoke, an altogether different anus was about to hit the headlines. For unbeknown to Princess Di, her innocent visit to a Soho massage parlour was being filmed by an evil Australian porn magnate using secret cameras hidden in an air vent.

